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ENDING
APR. 30, 1932

America's Best Read Weekly

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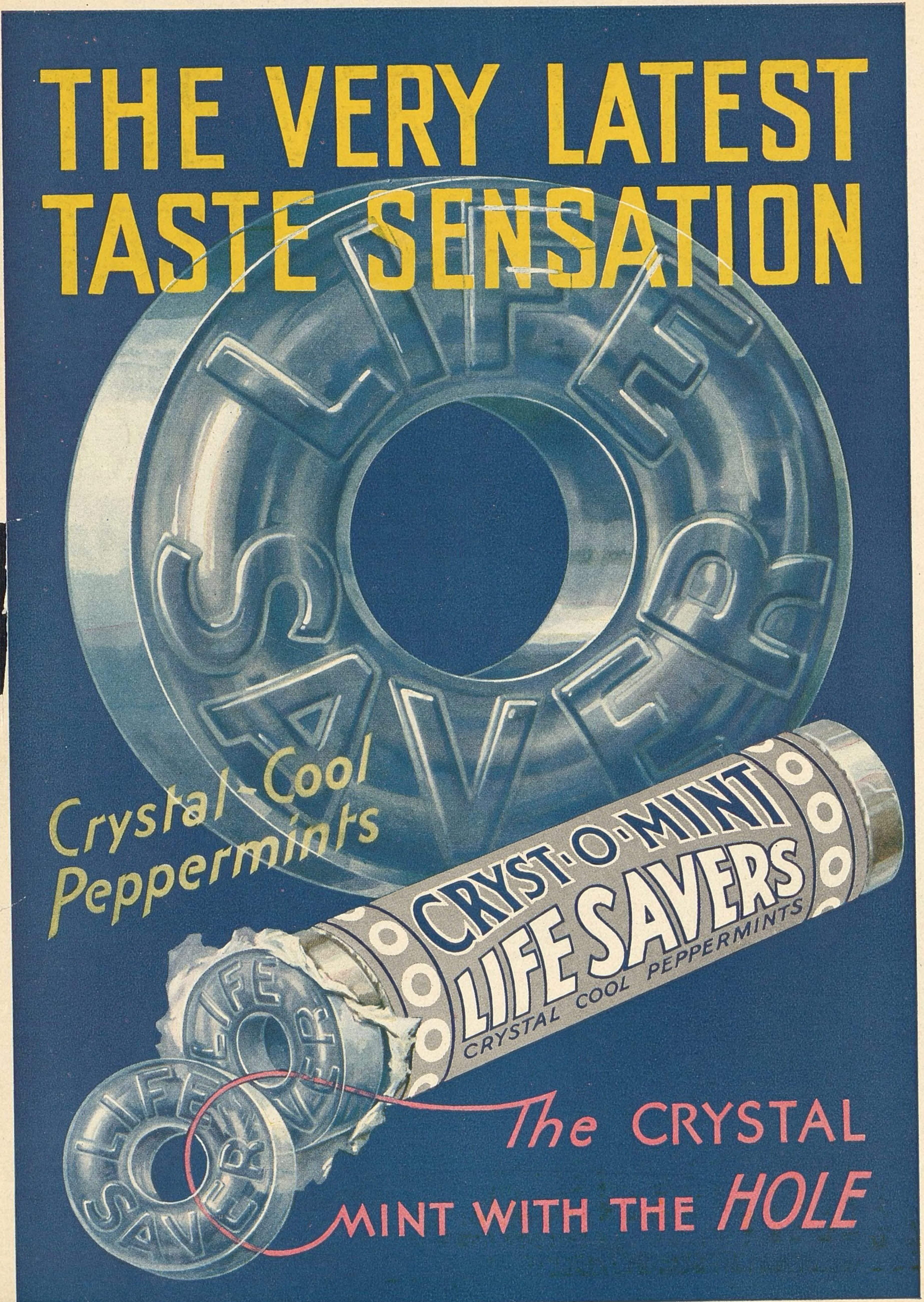
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"I TELL YOU *it's a tragedy* TO LOSE THESE TWO TEETH *... in front...*"

THE SPAN of good looks is lengthening along with the span of life. Both men and women are learning to *care more* about preserving the outward signs of youth—the complexion, the hair, the teeth. Treatments have improved so rapidly—science has done so much to help—that there is little or no excuse for failure.

When teeth begin to "go," for instance, it cannot be blamed wholly on Nature. It is largely a personal failure—a lack of care or a lowering of personal standards. That is how our acquaintances are likely to regard it, and *that* is the real tragedy.

More than fifty teeth in a hundred...

More than half the adult teeth that are lost (more than fifty in every hundred) are chargeable to that all-too-common condition of the gums known as pyorrhea. Many people are careless about pyorrhea. To them it is always "someone else" who is going to get it. And then comes the discovery that the silent disease has been sapping the structure of their gums and teeth, perhaps for years. With this stealthy approach, is it any wonder that four out of five people over forty are afflicted with pyorrhea?

Devoted 26 years to pyorrhea study

Dental science has made great progress in the treatment of this undermining disease of the gums, but professional opinion is still overwhelmingly in favor of *prevention*. Probably the best-known name in the pyorrhea field in America is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan, originator of Forhan's Toothpaste for the teeth *and* gums. Another preparation he perfected is used by thousands of dentists from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent for dentists' use only. Dr. Forhan devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. Both products contain the same active ingredient. So let your dentist give you a close examination twice a *year* and use Forhan's at home twice a *day!*

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SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

APR. 30, 1932

Liberty

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

FULL PROTECTION FOR BOOTLEGGING GANGSTERS

We had an exhibition recently in Washington that aroused the indignation of every well informed citizen. Congress again refused to recognize the existence of the bootlegging racketeer.

The prohibition farce is to be continued, and the huge tax bill, a part of which is due to the fiasco of trying to enforce the Prohibition Act, must be paid by our self-respecting citizens. Every time you put a three-cent stamp on a letter you will remember that the one-cent extra was added by the legislators in Congress, many of whom drink wet and vote dry.

How long are we to put up with this expensive "pussyfooting"?

Our federal taxes have increased at an appalling rate. Staggering sums that threaten the national government with bankruptcy have been added to our yearly expenses while we have been prattling about prohibition. This smoke screen occupied our attention while our federal officials lent billions of dollars to foreign governments with little or no comment outside of Washington.

And now we are facing the huge bill that must be paid to retain our financial integrity.

The present Congress is to be congratulated for its efforts to balance the budget; the government cannot continue increasing its debt by several million dollars every day without serious penalties. But part of the huge new additional tax bill, amounting to over a billion dollars annually, will have to be paid by practically every citizen; and this entire bill could have been met without the payment of a cent on the part of the hard-working people of this country if our legislators had recognized that the enforcement of the Prohibition Act was an absolutely unqualified failure, and had taxed beer and wines, as was suggested by many of our legislators.

Although the accuracy of the statement that 4-per-cent beer and 14-per-cent wine are not intoxicating may be doubted, it is known to everybody that these liquors are being sold everywhere. The inconceivable insanity of the belief that the prohibition law has done anything whatsoever for the country in thickly populated districts requires no comment. And when prohibitionists talk about eliminating the saloon, anyone with an atom of intelligence knows that there are from two to a half dozen speakeasies for every saloon that has been closed. Right in the city of Washington itself it has been definitely proved that there are three times as many speakeasies as there were saloons.

If people are determined to drink, no law can stop them. And a sensible government, realizing this very definite fact, would at least try to supply these foolish people with wholesome liquor (if there is such a product) and protect them from the use of the poisonous hooch that is now being sold everywhere by bootleggers.

But what makes a larger part of the citizens of this country boil with indignation is the fact that the honest, hard-working people have to pay the mountainous taxes that have been levied because the legislators at Washington refuse to recognize that the Volstead Act is an insane folly. A full recognition of this very definite fact would have induced them to find some means of assessing the increased taxes that are already weighing heavily upon our citizenry where they rightly belong—and that is on the liquor traffic of this country. To shut our eyes and say that there is no liquor traffic, that we cannot recognize lawlessness, is pure sophistry; it is a silly effrontery—fanaticism running wild.

But the sober, honest citizens must pay the bill!

And next election every dry legislator who forced these additional taxes upon us should be properly branded. He should be taught a lesson that would serve as an example for future officeholders.

Idealism is to be commended, but fanatical adherence to a certain policy that has definitely proved to be disastrous is the rankest sort of folly.

Governmental bodies should be freed absolutely from personal prejudice. They should be guided by cold, clear reasoning. And when a great nation of people is being harassed by unparalleled lawlessness, heart-rending business depression, and other evils that are largely due—in some instances at least—to legal inconsistencies, it is time to call a halt.

Let us get rid of this murderous prohibition law and face the serious emergencies with which we are threatened, and place taxes where they properly belong.

And at the same time let us demand with all the force at our command that the appalling extravagance of our federal government be effectively curtailed.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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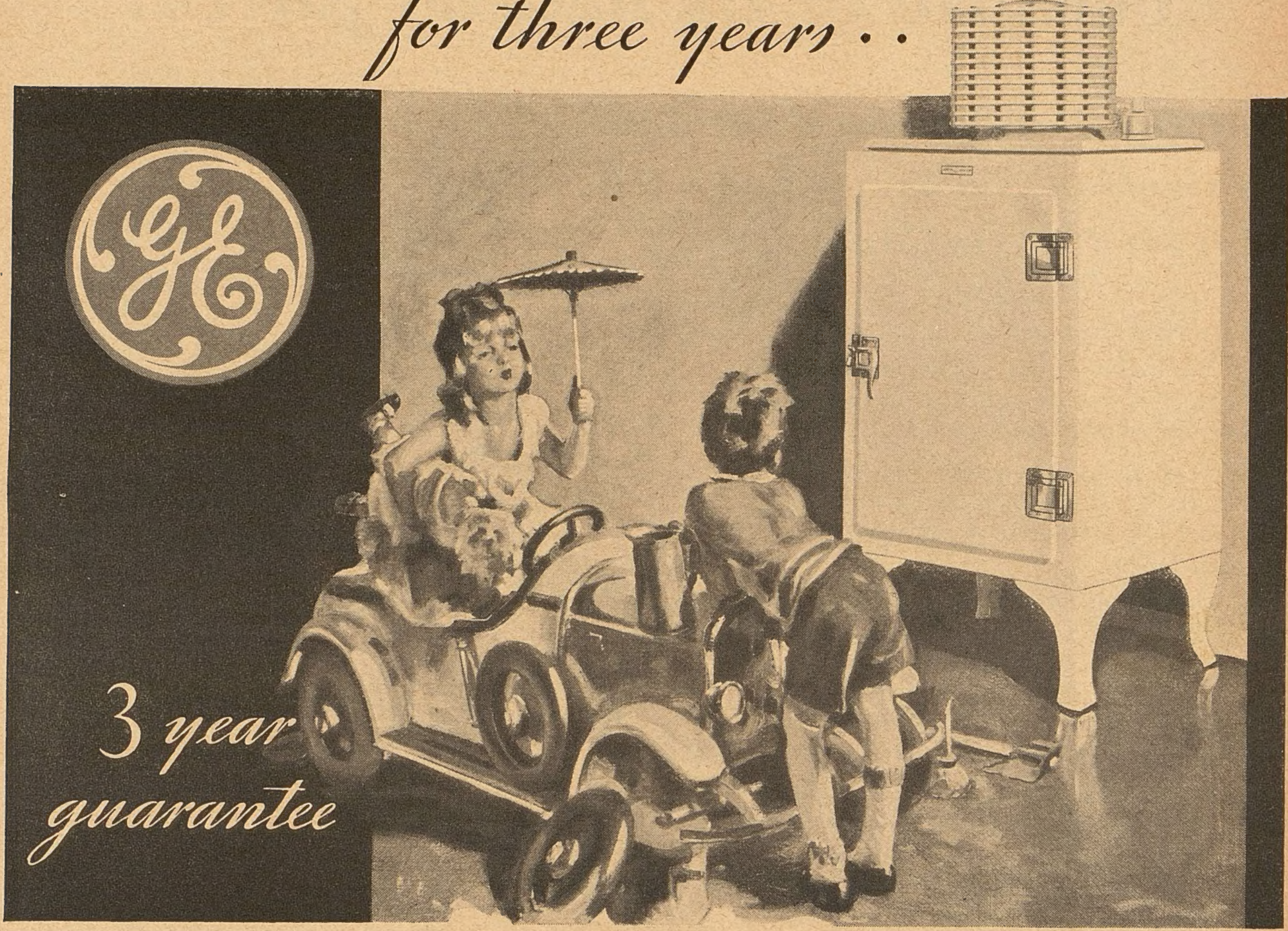

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or

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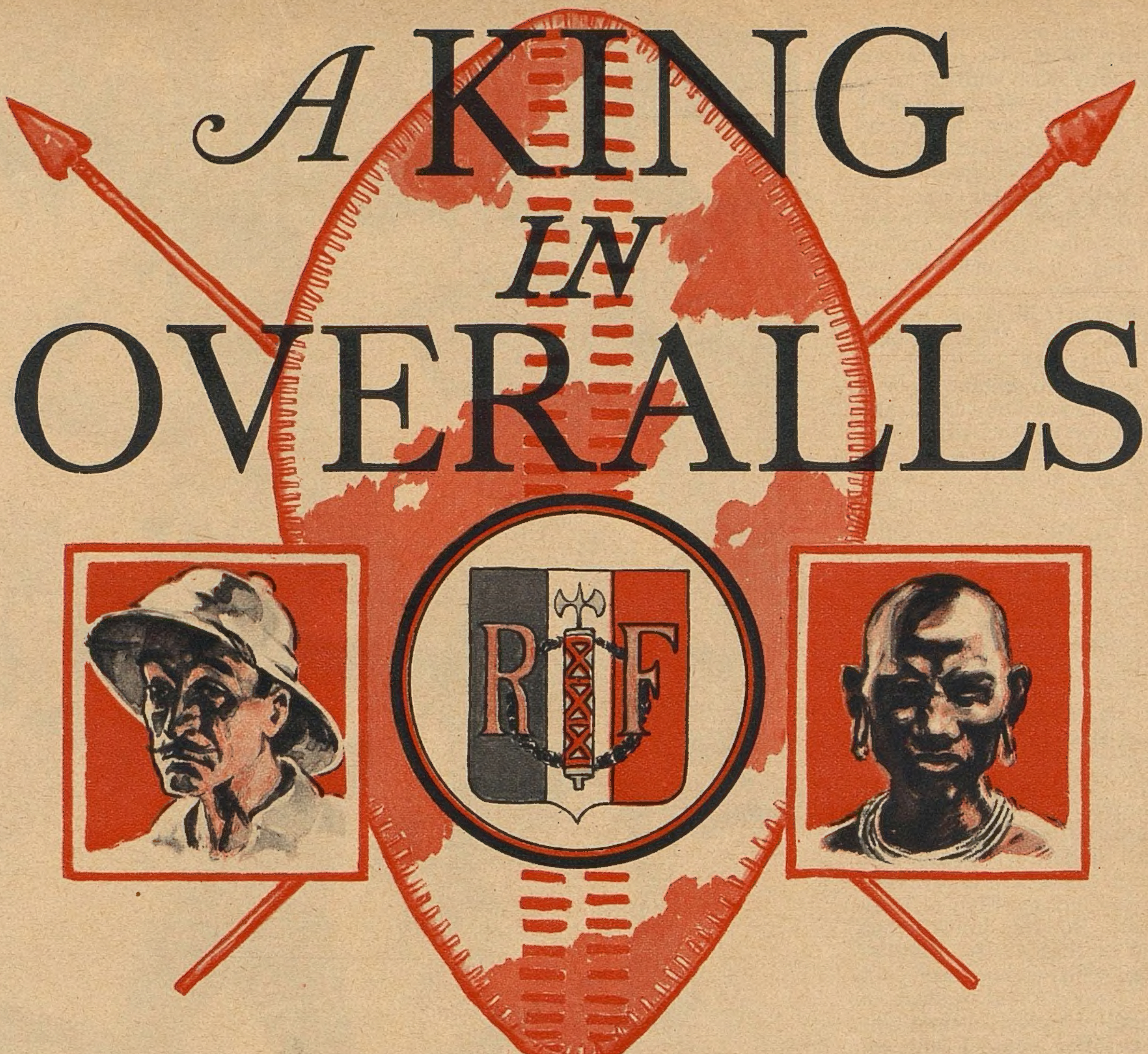
Don't just ask for "root beer"—
Say Hires Root Beer to get the Genuine.

DEPENDABLE FOUNTAINS GLADLY PAY MORE FOR HIRES ROOT BEER — YET *YOU* PAY NO MORE THAN FOR AN IMITATION

A KING IN OVERALLS



A Real Life Adventure on the Ivory Coast with the Bizarre Personality Known Throughout Africa as the Administrator of Man

By WILLIAM SEABROOK

(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: William Seabrook has the faculty of living such stories as a Kipling or a Conrad would invent. He has lived them in such regions as are associated with those authors: the Arabian mountains and desert, Tripoli, Kurdistan, voodoo-enthralled Haiti. More recently he has hobnobbed with black cannibals in Africa and sojourned in Timbuctoo! His writing is as triumphant as his adventuring. Both have become widely known through three books: Adventures in Arabia, The Magic Island, and Jungle Ways.

A Marylander by birth, he did newspaper work in Georgia and syndicate writing in New York City from 1909 till 1924, with a wartime interval in which he served as a private in the French army and was gassed at Verdun. Since 1924 he has been traveling and exploring to his heart's content, with his wife's approval and companionship.

The Ivory Coast, background of his experiences with the Administrator of Man, is the coastal stretch of French West Africa lying between Liberia on the west and the Gold Coast on the east.

IT was dark and late—toward nine o'clock—one night when our motor truck reached the outskirts of Man, an isolated but important forest town high up in the Ivory Coast hinterland. We were arriving there for the first time, but our native chauffeur, Yao, had been there once before and remembered the turn to the French administration compound, where (since the governor-general had sent telegrams of introduction) we were sure of hospitable welcome. Indeed, since neither hotels nor inns exist in the jungle, the colonial officials are hospitable to all decent passing whites, even though traveling without special recommendation, and we had been overwhelmed with kindness.

The administrator at a post called Gagnoa, a fatherly old gentleman named Berthon, had given us his best guest rooms, his personal shower bath, champagne at dinner, and a beautiful piece of ivory for Katie. At Daloa a Monsieur Terry, suave and cordial, very worldly in a brilliantly striped silk dressing gown which he changed later to English-cut dinner clothes of white flannel, had kept us listening to music and sampling various delicious liqueurs until long after midnight.

Now we were wondering what sort of person the Administrator of Man might be. We hoped we would like him, or rather that he would like us, for we had been advised to make Man a sort of headquarters. We had been told that he was an old-timer in point of service and that his name was Briolle.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A KING IN OVERALLS
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As Yao was maneuvering the car to turn in at the compound gate, a shabby little white man in overalls and a net undershirt stepped out of the blackness directly into the glare of our headlights. His face was covered with scraggly stubble and his head with thick, curly brown hair, unbrushed and turning slightly gray. He carried an unlighted kerosene lantern and had been apparently lurking in the angle of the gate. He stood barring our entrance as if he belonged there. He seemed to be a sort of elderly yard boy or garage mechanic gone to seed. He stood for an appreciable moment, saying absolutely nothing, but when I broke the silence he interrupted in a reedy, nasal voice which would have been a whine except for a certain weary, cynical, and aggressive insolence that was quite curious coming from so shabby a little man.

He said:

"So it's you, then. One thought you'd have had sense enough at least to stop the night at Douekué and come in the morning. As it is, you have arrived badly. Not that it would have mattered much, for there's no place to put you, anyway. There have been too many visitors coming here. Five already this year. Do you know what happened to that artist, What's-his-name, who came here last month? Well, he had to sleep in the garage. I haven't even a lantern I can offer you. I lent my extra one to a stranger who didn't return it—"

I HAD tried several times to interrupt him, and now I insisted on interrupting with some asperity. I said:

"Look here, I don't want your lantern. In fact, I don't want anything from you—unless you care to show us the way up the drive. You will find, I think, that monsieur the administrator has received a telegram announcing us."

"Yah!" he said. "Those telegrams from the governor. He sends too many of them. There was one about that artist, and another about the *homme de lettres* [man of letters] who stole my lantern. You're an *homme de lettres,* aren't you? I don't suppose you've got any lantern of your own either? Or any camp equipment, or anything?"

Katie nudged me. But the nudge wasn't necessary. I had realized with a pained, belated shock that we were talking with the Administrator of Man, chief executive and sole authority in this jungle metropolis of twenty thousand blacks and ruler of a territory large as one of our Middle Atlantic states.

It was painful, but prudence has its limits. I said:

"Permit me to tell you, Monsieur Briolle, since that's who you are, that I don't want a damned thing from you. I don't even want your garage roof. I've got everything I need in this truck. And we're going to back it out of here right now, and out of Man, if you like, and camp where we please. But before we go," and I even tried to imitate his insolent nasal voice, "I happen to have two lanterns better than that thing you've got in your hand, and if you'd like me to lend you one, I will."

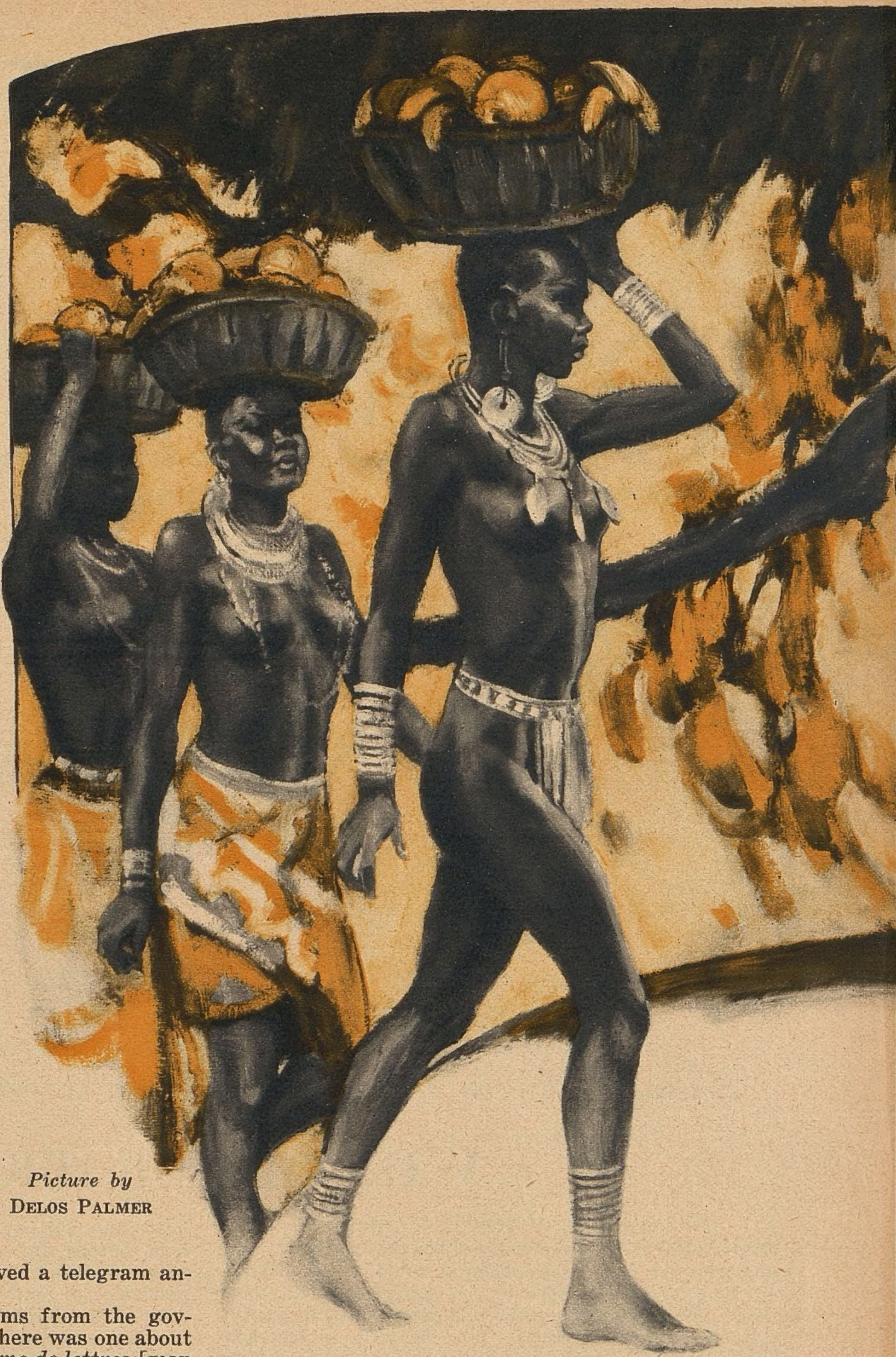
"*Tiens, tiens!*" said the Administrator of Man, suddenly full of mocking curiosity like a bad little boy. "What sort of lanterns have you got?"

"Carbide," I said; "acetylene-gas lanterns, unbreakable metal. Better than yours."

"So," he said appraisingly, still mocking a little, but dropping for a moment the aggressive nasal voice which I learned later was merely one of his defensive affectations. "But how will you camp? Against your car?"

I answered, bragging, but knowing that we would really have a terrible job setting up a lot of unfamiliar camp stuff bought in Paris and never yet even unpacked:

"Yes, we've got everything we need—beds, mosquito nets, filter, a tarpaulin which fastens against the side of the car—everything."



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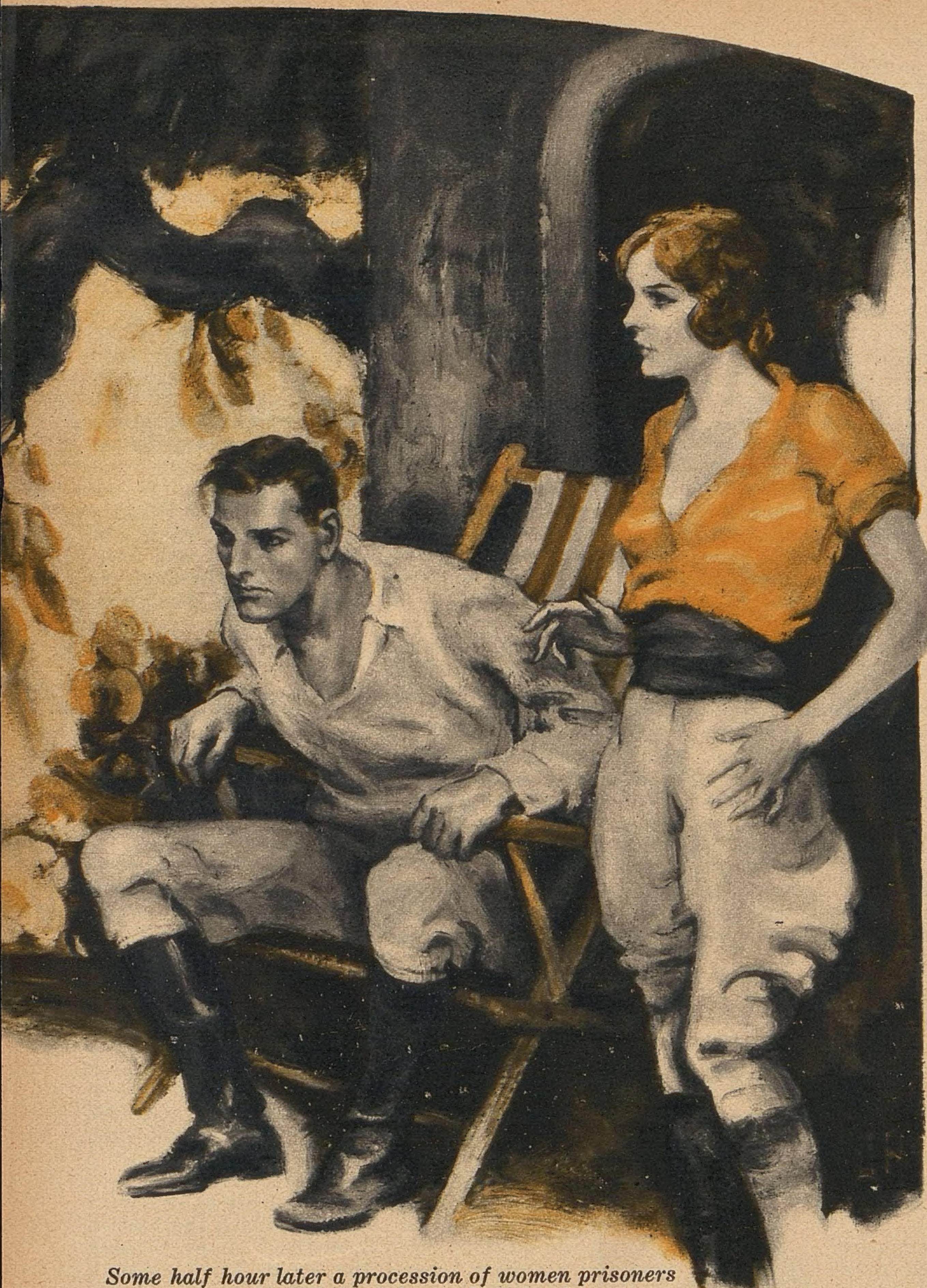

Some half hour later a procession of women prisoners arrived with baskets on their heads.

“So,” he repeated. “But what will you do about cooking?”

“I told you we have a kit—everything.”

“What kind of stove?”

“A Primus,” I said.

“Of course. That's what all idiots buy at first. You'll find out. The joints will begin to leak and you won't know how to solder them. You haven't got any soldering tools. Wouldn't know how to use them if you had. You should have bought—” He named a make of stove.

I said, “Look here, Monsieur Briolle, we've got what we've got and it suits us. Why don't you go back to bed? You look awfully tired.”

“I am not tired,” he snapped angrily. “I never get tired. But I've had a cold for a week, and the governor's telegrams are a damned bore. But see here, you! You're impractical, just as I knew you would be. You can't make your wife sleep in the road just because you've lost your temper.” This was the first time he had indicated the slightest awareness of a woman's presence. “You can go and camp in the doctor's house. I put him in prison last week, so it's empty. It's over yonder, facing the compound.”

Without so much as a good night he turned on his heel and disappeared as if he had washed his hands of us forever.

Next morning, soon after dawn, we had awakened and I was out on the back veranda making coffee. The doctor's house (clean and absolutely bare) was a big thatch-roofed bungalow built of hard mud. We had worked half the night, out of spite and pride, unloading the truck and setting up all the Paris-bought tricks we could. They had been well chosen from a colonial store by a friend who had lived in the colonies. We had metal beds with nets on metal rods, folding tables, folding chairs, a folding cooking outfit, handsome enamel-ware dishes, all very shining new and practical.

KATIE was setting our breakfast table, and I was kneeling over the stove, which at least worked bravely enough, being new, when Yao, who had been out front, came back, looking solemn and unhappy, to whisper hoarsely:

“Moussiu Administrateur, he there!”

“He where?” I asked.

“He here! *Ici même!*”

Briolle was just inside our front door, in the shadow. He had neither knocked nor spoken, but had been standing there watching us quizzically for several minutes. Now he grinned as cheerfully as if he were a friendly, helpful neighbor who had known us all our lives.

“*Tiens!*” he said. “But this is splendid. You really have got everything. I didn't believe you last night. But have you really got two lanterns? I didn't believe that, either.”

Katie laughed. I said, “No, that was a lie. We've only got one. Were you lying, too, about the *homme de lettres* who stole your extra one?”

“Yes,” he said, “that was a lie too. But the telegram from the governor said you were an *homme de lettres*, and they generally expect one to organize native dances for them. Do you expect me to?”

“My God, no,” I said. “And I'm not an *homme de lettres* anyway. Just a writer. There's a difference.”

“Not much,” said Briolle. “It's a poor sort of occupation for a strong, grown-up man.”

He picked up my little coffee mill, shook a few grains out in his hand, and sniffed them. “Do you roast your own coffee?” “Yes,” I said. “Don't you like it?” “No,” he said, “it's not brown enough.” “It's the way I like it,” I said; “I don't care whether you like it or not.”

“Sao Zachariah makes bread every day,” he said; “and there's a Dioula butcher who kills three times a week. But don't buy anything else. Don't buy any fruit or vegetables or garden truck. Don't buy any chickens or eggs.”

“Thanks very much,” I said.

Turning to leave, he called back belligerently, “My oranges are all gone. Don't expect any oranges.”

Some half hour later a procession of women prisoners arrived with baskets on their heads. In addition to

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A KING IN OVERALLS
Continued from page nine

squawking fowls and tropical stuff, he had sent lettuce, string beans, tomatoes, potatoes, and onions. Presently a black youth came. Without asking by your leave, he began carting pots and pans to an outhouse.

"He cook," explained Yao. "Moussiu Administrateur sent him. He wants three francs to buy oil for cooking."

Shortly afterward another youth came, looked about, and began carting our bedding out into the sunshine. "He boy," said Yao. "Moussiu Administrateur sent him. He wants two francs to buy shoe polish."

Later in the morning we had a white visitor, an amused young government surveyor named Mireillet, full of amiable curiosity to know how we had fared at the hands of Briolle. Briolle, it seemed, was a holy terror. In exchange for our gossip, Mireillet told of how he had really made a certain famous French painter sleep in the garage until he had time to size him up and see whether he was going to be a nuisance or not; and of how, when the wife of a certain ex-prime minister—junketing in Africa with two famous Parisian newspaper owners and their fashionable wives, officially fêted and flattered everywhere—had been announced as heading for Man, Briolle had locked up his house and fled to the forest.

Mireillet advised us to keep away from him and away from the administration compound unless Briolle sent for us. We followed his advice, and saw no more of the administrator for two or three days, though we passed the compound every day, going up into the native town. The compound was a fenced inclosure an acre or more in size, with beautiful shade trees and flower gardens around the administrative residence, while the government offices were set in a miniature parade ground of cleared hard earth. The whole town of Man, in fact, was an astonishingly beautiful place, entirely native in architecture, including even the government buildings. It lay in the cup of a partially cleared mountain valley, in the thick of the jungle. Our end consisted of a wide shaded lane, on one side of which lay the administration compound, and on our side a row of big thatched bungalows set back amid more trees, inhabited rent free by temporarily resident government employees like our young surveyor friend.

The native town, or rather city, for its round thatched roofs clustered over a mile-wide clearing, lay beyond and back of the administration compound. There was a big open market, also a closed market (that is to say, with roofs), and there were eight general stores, three run by white men. The largest belonged to Sao Zachariah, born a Senegalese savage, now turned gentleman and millionaire. He had twelve wives, a fleet of big motor trucks which trafficked heavily with the north, and a sport roadster upholstered with panther skins. He sent Katie a bottle of champagne and a parrot.

OVER all this prosperous city and great jungle territory, which included three other sizable administration posts where other white subadministrators served, Monsieur Briolle ruled, eccentric but supreme. He wore patched overalls and an old shirt, yet forced his subordinates to dress immaculately as gentlemen; he played malicious pranks unworthy of a schoolboy, he whined and ranted by turns, he professed a devastating contempt for everybody and everything; but all in all, I gradually learned, he was a better man than any other man, whether white or black, within a radius of a long hundred miles. That he was an able executive goes without saying. But he was also a sort of Jack-of-all-trades and master of all. He was a better shot, a better automobile mechanic, a better electrician, a better cook. This, I think, was one reason for his weary contempt. And, of course, deep down, beneath spiked layers and mattresses of carefully built-up self-protection, he was one of the kindliest souls alive. He was also, I think, a little bit lonely. But proud with a twisted pride.

At any rate, after a lapse of several days he had us to dinner, then came once to dinner with us, then began inviting me to his office, where he encouraged me to sit around, using me, I suspect, as a sort of audience. He was an able if cruel comedian. On one occasion I saw him keep an overpretentious Belgian merchant (who had come to discuss a wholesale kola transaction) fidgeting around for nearly half the morning while he mended an old tin watering can.

Briolle's queer blend of kindness and contempt caused him occasionally to help individuals who he intensely disliked for specific personal reasons, but he usually contrived to make them pay a horrid price for it.

Such an individual was the pompous and bearded Commandant Guerin, in charge of the big military post at Guglio, close to the Liberian border. The natives had nicknamed him *Ouara Koubab* (the Big Baboon) because of his paunch and thick black beard. He strutted in gold braid and medals, had a false booming geniality, and was called even worse names by his subordinate white officers.

HE had also an ancient French car which the sergeant-mechanic in charge of the Guglio trucks had from time to time coaxed back to temporary sputtering life, but finally the mechanic had thrown up his hands. So one day a barefooted runner arrived in Man with a letter, fastened to the end of a stick, containing flattery and compliments and begging neighbor Briolle to come down and have a look at it. Briolle first raged, refusing, and then said, "Oh, I'll go, just to show them what fools they are."

He invited us to come along, and as I wanted to visit Guglio anyway we followed him.

We arrived in the early afternoon before Armistice Day, which is a great military festival throughout the French West Coast. Briolle had preceded us, driving his own truck, in his oldest and dirtiest overalls, without so much as a clean extra shirt or a toothbrush, but had brought all his own garage tools and tricks, even including a portable forge.

The official guest house, in the garden compound beside Guerin's own, had been fixed up for Briolle, and the commandant was blustering with expansive welcome, but Briolle, rubbing his hands together in mock humility, refused.

"I would just get everything dirty," he said, shouldered his folding bed, and made off for the common barracks.

He spent all afternoon at the garage, cursing, whining, complaining, but toward sundown the dead car began to sputter and finally to hit on all its cylinders. He refused to come to the dinner which had been prepared more in his honor than ours, on the pretext that he was too tired and dirty, but joined us later on the commandant's wide, dimly lit veranda.

The talk was of the parade and games next day. They were to approximate as nearly as possible the sort of thing which the French do so magnificently in the Champs Elysées, marching beneath the Arc de Triomphe with gleaming bayonets, bugle fanfares, ministerial speeches, martial glory—as nearly, that is, as could be contrived with four companies of black Senegalese, one little but loud bugle corps, three white lady guests in their best frocks, a big-bellied black-bearded commandant, an American writer of sorts, and an important though eccentric visiting administrator as guest of honor.

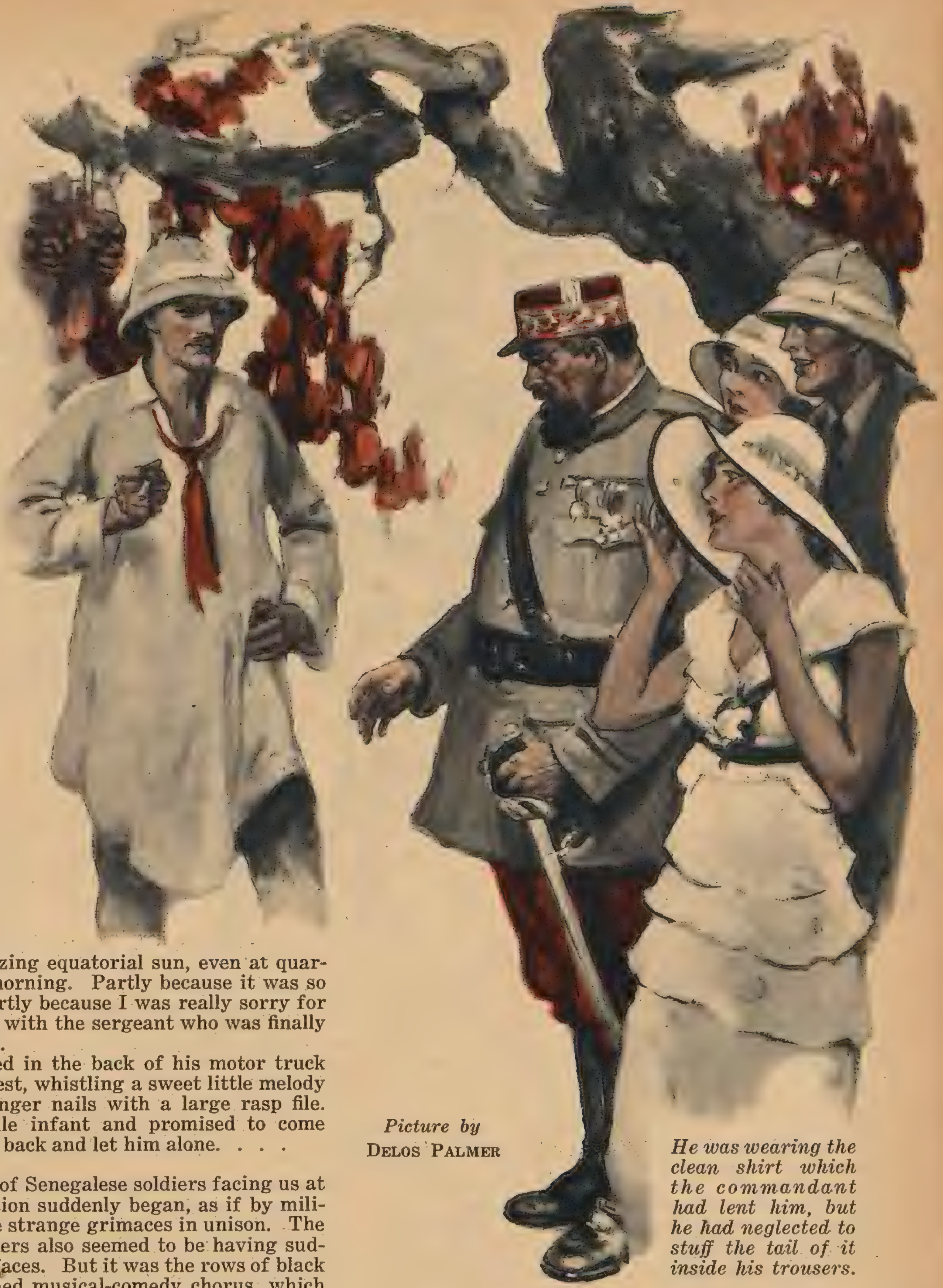
"Not me," said Briolle. "I don't like parades, and I haven't even got an extra shirt. I'm starting back for Man at dawn."

"But, my dear colleague, I will lend you a shirt—everything you need," boomed the commandant; and Briolle, after a moment's shocked hesitancy, during which he seemed to be contemplating his host's massive belly, surprised me by accepting. His voice was humble, almost a whimper, but it was accompanied by an evil grin that boded no good for the morrow. When Briolle grinned like that, I had begun to notice, he was always planning some subtle though often incredibly childish deviltry. We slept in the guest house, while Briolle with the commandant's shirt under his arm—he insisted it was the only thing he needed—disappeared toward the barracks, where he went to sleep, I imagine, with the grin still on his face.

Well, morning dawned, and after great bustling and hurrying, there we were, promptly at eight o'clock, on the parade ground, assembled around Commandant Guerin—who really looked magnificent with his sword and belts, gold braid and medals—and three admiring ladies all dressed in their best, with the four black companies drawn up at stiff attention across the way, flags flying, mobs of native spectators who had come in from the jungle for miles around; a fine little setting for a movie newsreel picture, except that nothing was moving. We were waiting, in fact, for the guest of honor. We were waiting for the Administrator of Man.

We continued waiting for a long ten minutes. The sun was getting hotter. Guerin was beginning to sweat and fidget. So was everybody. It is not pleasant to stand all dressed up and doing nothing in the blazing equatorial sun, even at quarter past eight in the morning. Partly because it was so uncomfortable, and partly because I was really sorry for Guerin, I slipped away with the sergeant who was finally sent to look for Briolle.

We found him seated in the back of his motor truck beside his open tool chest, whistling a sweet little melody and manicuring his finger nails with a large rasp file. He smiled like a docile infant and promised to come immediately if we'd go back and let him alone. . . .



Picture by
DELOS PALMER

He was wearing the clean shirt which the commandant had lent him, but he had neglected to stuff the tail of it inside his trousers.

THE four companies of Senegalese soldiers facing us at solemn, stiff attention suddenly began, as if by military command, to make strange grimaces in unison. The white subordinate officers also seemed to be having sudden trouble with their faces. But it was the rows of black faces, like a well trained musical-comedy chorus, which first showed puzzlement, then intense joy, then became fixed in wide-mouthed, white-toothed, silent laughter.

Commandant Guerin, purple with rage, roaring "*Attention! Salauds!*" turned and beheld his guest of honor, the Administrator of Man. Monsieur Briolle was wearing the clean shirt which the commandant had so kindly lent him, but he had elected to wear it in the style of royal African chiefs rather than in the conventional European manner; that is to say, he had neglected to stuff the tail of it inside his trousers, and—since the commandant was a tall, fat man and Briolle was a small, wiry one—its voluminous folds hung down almost to his ankles and flapped like an old-fashioned nightgown in the breeze.

Every soul present at the ceremonies knew to whom the shirt belonged. The commandant was not popular with anybody, and the black troops couldn't control their joy, though it cost them all a week in prison. The white officers and sergeants pretended to be blowing their noses or coughing. The mob of natives on the side lines, with whom garrison servants had mixed, simply danced and howled in ecstasy.

"But, Monsieur Briolle, I beg of you!" spluttered the commandant on the verge of apoplexy.

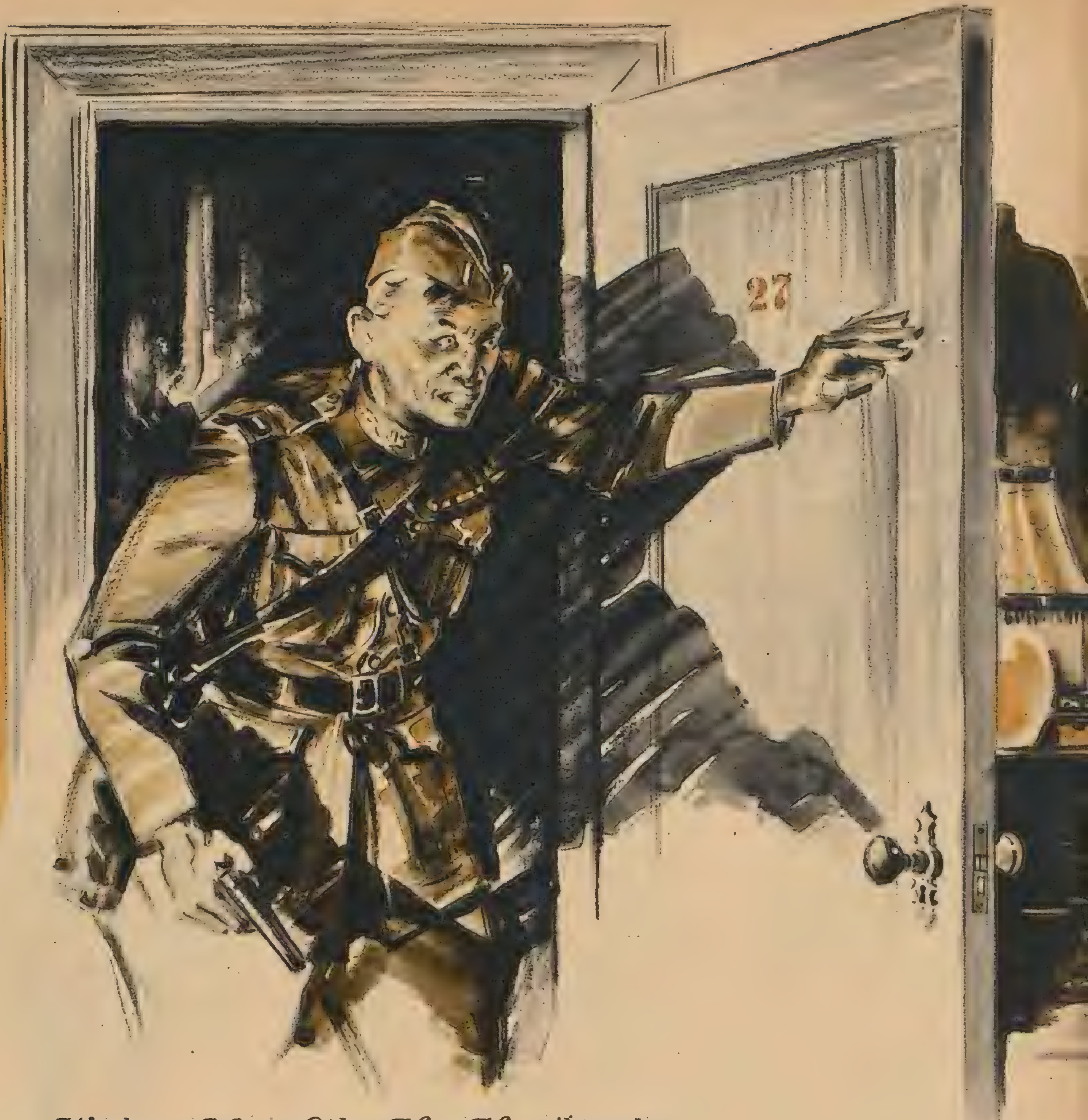
"Beg what of me, *monsieur le commandant?*"

"Why, name of a pipe, to have the decency to stuff that shirt tail inside your trousers!"

"But I couldn't get it in," said Briolle; "there wasn't room. Was it perhaps a tent you lent me by mistake? It's hot here, anyway, and your troops seem restless. Let's just pretend that I'm the Sultan of Morocco and go on with the ceremonies."

Mr. Seabrook's account of Monsieur Briolle and his doings will be concluded in an early issue of Liberty.

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN



THROUGH the door, pistol in hand, Joe lunged —then stood transfixed, wide mouth agape.

With a Map Like His He Thought No Woman Could Love Him, But—

By FREDERICK C. PAINTON

(Reading time: 26 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE Silver Greyhounds called Lieutenant Joseph Reynolds by another name: Jo-jo the Dog-faced Boy. His ears stood out like the handles on a Greek vase. A fall into a trench in the Argonne had folded his nose against his face, and his mouth was wide, with flat lips. He had hazy grayish eyes, and Major Larned, who commanded the American Military Courier detachment in Berlin after the German Revolution, called him "the dumbest of the dumb." The other couriers liked Jo-jo because he never lost his temper, and took all the missions to places like Esthonia and Lithuania, leaving to them Paris, Vienna, and Brussels.

Between trips he sat in his room at the hotel, reading American mail-order catalogues, pondering farm tractors and crop rotation, and rolling cigarettes with sack tobacco and brown papers. He drank little and was shy with women. So when Captain Johnny McCracken rushed into the mess shouting that he had seen Jo-jo walking in the Tiergarten with a swell girl, it created a sensation. And Johnny, who was an authority, swore she was a knockout.

"Man!" he sighed ecstatically. "The chubby blonde Hollanders aren't bad, and a guy can do worse than a Viennese *petite* or a sultry-eyed Hungarian at Buda. But I'll say this German Brunhilde is the most beautiful thing I ever saw!

"Listen, brothers," he went on, rolling his eyes. "She had hair like gold, eyes like the sky. Tall and shapely, brothers. This baby has got everything."

He didn't see Major Larned, drifting along the hall, stop, listen, and frown angrily.

"Two bits to a Dijon franc she's a North Prussian," Johnny said. "That's the only place they grow blonde perfection like that."

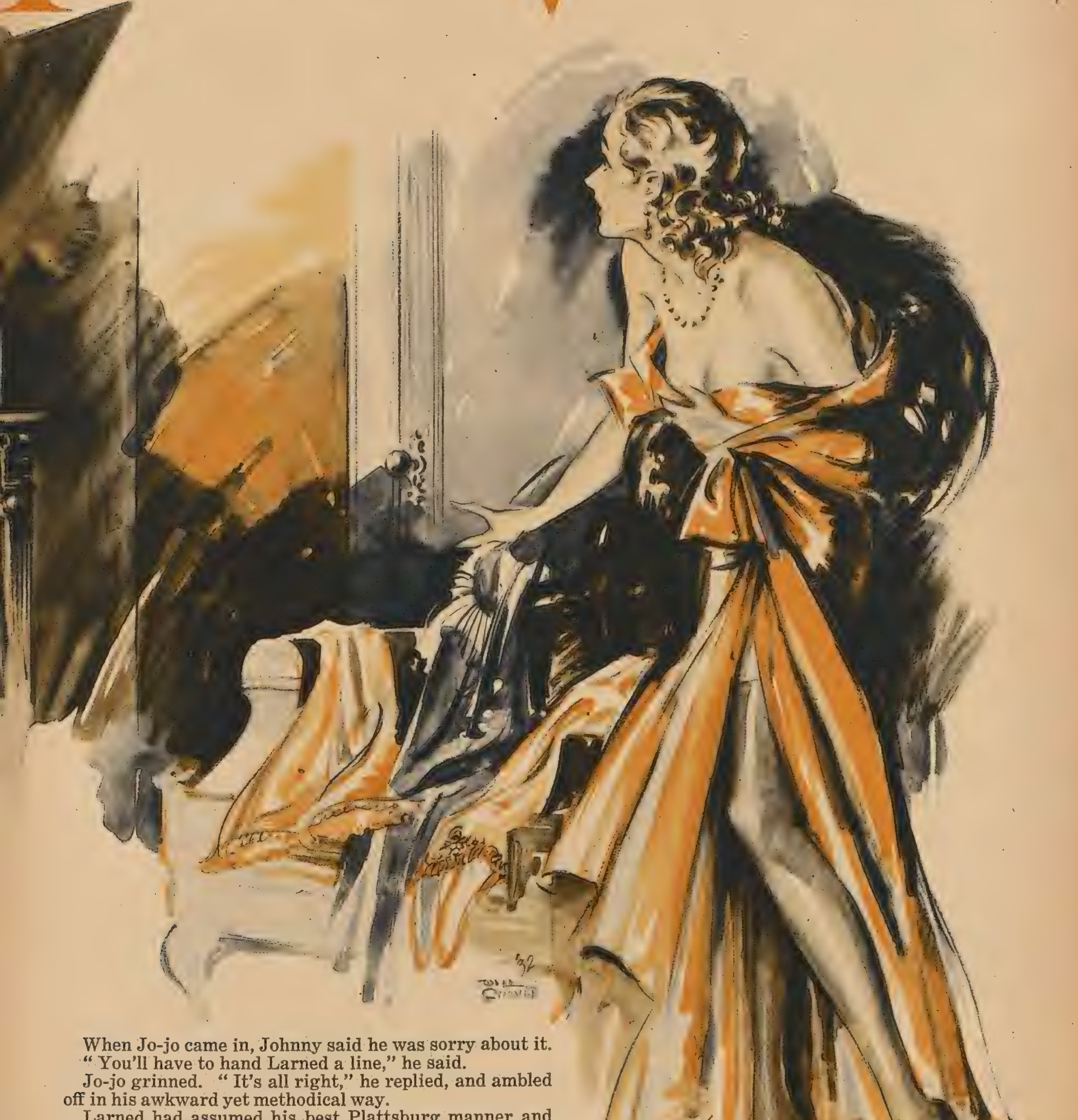
"Says you!" grunted Hallett. "Feature a girl as swell as you claim this one is falling for a guy with a map like Jo-jo's!"

"I saw them," swore Johnny solemnly.

Major Larned stormed into the room.

"You did, eh?" he snapped. "Well, why didn't you report it? You know fraternization with these Germans is forbidden. You tell Lieutenant Reynolds I want to see him—at once."

FACE VALUE



When Jo-jo came in, Johnny said he was sorry about it. "You'll have to hand Larned a line," he said.

Jo-jo grinned. "It's all right," he replied, and ambled off in his awkward yet methodical way.

Larned had assumed his best Plattsburg manner and voice.

"I knew you were dumb," he roared, "but I thought you had sense enough to obey the orders against fraternizing with the enemy."

"She's no enemy," said Jo-jo practically. "She's a right nice girl."

"How do you know?" cried Larned. "With all the dirty work and plotting that's going on in Germany now,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FACE VALUE
Continued from page thirteen]

don't you know an American courier should look out for tricky women?"

"She's not tricky," said Jo-jo quietly. "She's a nice girl. She likes the country—and farming."

Larned sneered.

"You think so! Why would a beautiful girl want to discuss henfruit and hayseed with a guy with a face like yours? She's got designs!"

"Well," admitted Jo-jo, "my map's not John Barrymore's—"

"You're a military courier," his commander rushed on. "You're carrying important dispatches out of Germany for President Wilson and the American Peace Commission. And this German girl friend is using her face and her curves to vamp you—maybe so she can steal your dispatches."

"She hasn't tried yet," said Jo-jo; "we just talk about the country."

Larned was unconvinced.

"It's specific disobedience for military couriers to go with women, especially German women," he said. "You see her again and I'll haul you up before a court-martial."

He caught a far-away look in Jo-jo's eyes.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "I believe you're in love!"

Jo-jo grinned slowly.

"She's a right nice girl," he said.

"You're going to The Hague tonight at midnight," Larned decided, jaw snapping. "Then you'll be transferred to Paris. Damned if I'll have such a disobedient man in such a ticklish place as here in Berlin."

Jo-jo went out. He got into his best uniform, shaved carefully, and brushed down his cowlick of sandy hair.

"Gonna see her?" asked Johnny.

"Sure," said Jo-jo quietly.

"Dumb and stubborn," sighed Johnny. "Boy, Larned'll send you to Leavenworth for so long you can tie your beard in three braids!"

. . . . .

Ericka von Stetten stared through the blue coil of her cigarette smoke at the Graf Friedrich Gottlieb von Schlieffen und Krieger. That was no new experience, since he had been for some time her chief in the *Nachrichtendienst*—as the Germans euphemistically call their secret service. Now she was his associate in the most ambitious enterprise in which they had engaged. Yet she stared because she found he looked, somehow, different.

Not so long ago he had greatly impressed her. She might even have married him, had he asked. Many women would have. He was well tailored; handsome as a movie usher; well mannered, too; and beneath, quick-witted, courageous, and iron-willed—a strong man in those pinches that abound in secret service. She had thought of him as an iron hand in a silken glove, but had the silk become shoddy? For instance, why would he use that mocking tone in speaking of the *Amerikaner* Lieutenant Reynolds?

"He goes surely to The Hague tonight?" he asked.

She nodded; then said with difficulty: "At midnight."

"And he will carry the package?"

"I have not asked him," she shrugged. "But—he will."

"*Kolossal!*" he beamed. "You have him in the web of your beauty—lucky fly! I know—I and those others."

HE did not see the flush nor the expression on her face, for he was bent over a dispatch case, whence he produced a sizable package sealed with red wax.

"The price of an empire," he smiled sardonically, then frowned quickly. "If Ludendorff does not bungle this as he did the battles that lost us the war."

"Somehow, I've begun to think lately that he will bungle it; that you—that we—all will fail," said Ericka, troubled. "This republic, is it not of the people? And our German people are good, and strong."

"The people? That is after-war nerves," said the count, twirling a monocle. "Only they can rule who have a strong will and a fat purse. The first we have; the second we shall have. And then I shall be the Graf von Krieger once more, and you—"

He stopped. He had sensed again her recent mood—different, aloof. And what else? He would see. He became sympathetic.

"But this American *Kerl* has bored you, has he not?"

"He has not bored me," she said softly. "He is simple, but he is restful, too—a relief after what I have been through."

She smiled a smile he had not seen of late; bent forward eagerly.

"He speaks of farms and cows and making things grow. It was funny at first, but now I—I like it. I have always been fond of the country, and he is like our good country people—so honest. He has never tried to kiss me—"

"Chivalrous!" the count snorted. "The easier meat for our old trick."

The girl started as if stung.

"With him? Never!" she exclaimed with loathing. "I am through with that old trick."

"Ah, so?" he asked, watching her closely. "Why, the Americans have a name for it. They call it the badger game."

She shuddered. But that was not his reaction, looking at her beauty.

"Ah, fascinating woman!" he said softly. "Always changing. You did not object—"

"That was different!" she cried, indignant. "You know I learned the ways of the secret service only for the Fatherland."

She looked at him levelly, eyes flashing.

"And so, I thought, did you. But now the Fatherland has changed. Have you?"

THINKING a thousand things, but tight-lipped, the count arose; bowed from the hips.

"Shall we speak of business, *gnädige Fräulein?*" he asked.

"Yes," she said with an effort. "Let us. I will not have him hurt—you understand?"

"Hurt? *'Zeit!* Why?" the count asked easily. "On his trip to The Hague he can easily take the package across the frontier, with his diplomatic immunity. At Arnhem he can easily give the package to your dear grandmother. Marina plays grandmother splendidly. Then I, who am sure to be searched when I cross the frontier, come along later and get it from Marina. And then to our Kaiser with the fat purse that is all the ruthless will needs to end his exile, to restore the German Empire!"

Ericka snubbed out a cigarette stub nervously.

"If it were discovered that he had carried— Poor boy!"

"But no one will connect some little keepsakes for grandmother with a counter-revolution to put us back in the seats of the mighty!" the count exclaimed. "And you will have played your part—you shall have your reward."

He looked at her meaningly.

"It will be my last part," she flamed back. "I am through with secret service! Through with eternal deceit, pretending, acting, to worm information from some poor devil. I thought this spy's life was patriotic adventure; now I know it is unwholesome, degrading!"

Her voice rose to a note of anguish.

"Yes, it is nerves," said the count sententiously. Then, eyes narrowing: "And, you know, secret service may not be through with you! A woman who has been a spy, has joined a conspiracy—"

The iron hand had cast aside the silken glove. He snarled. But only for an instant.

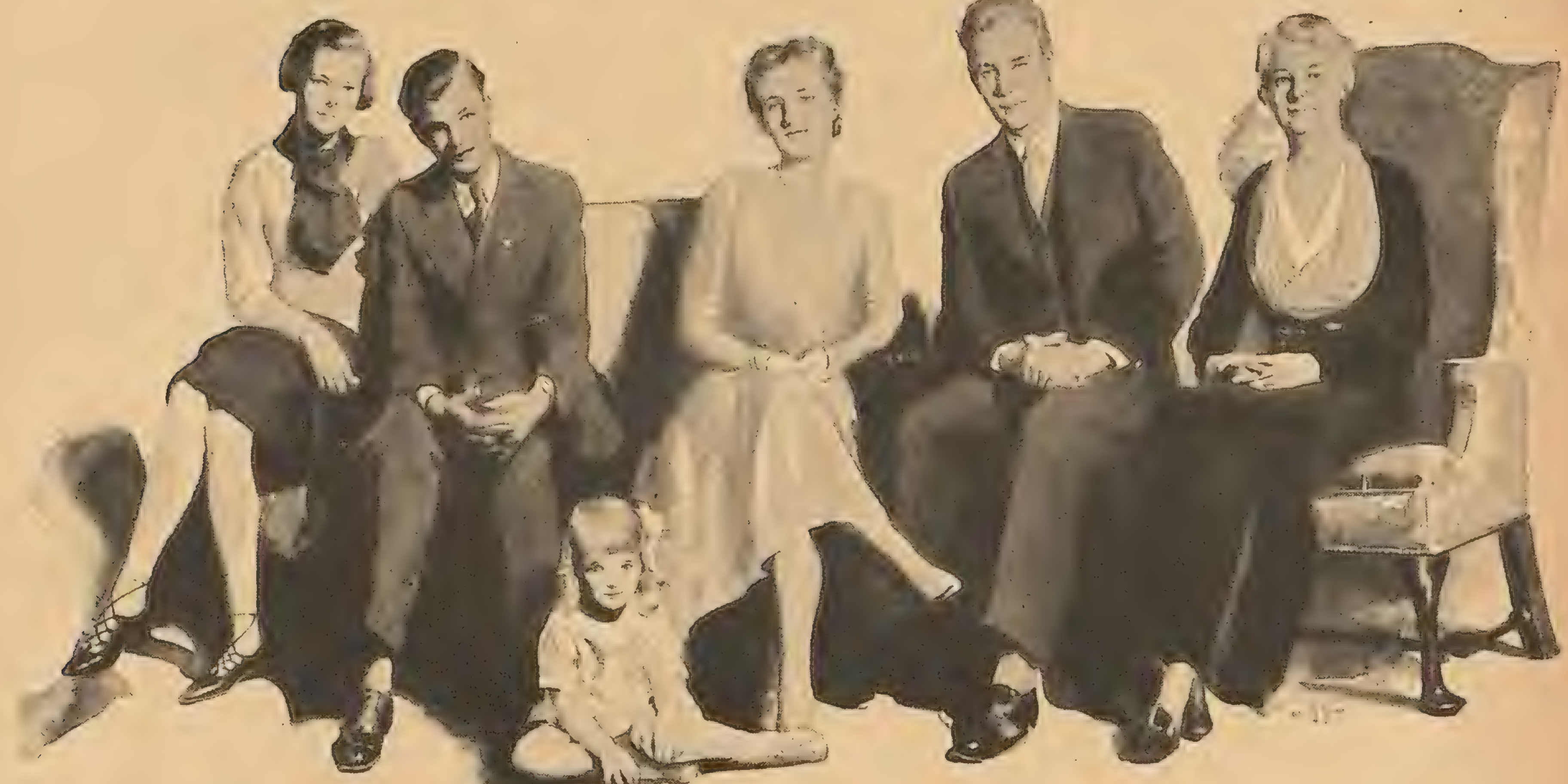
"There, there," he said hastily. "You must rest, for the American—"

For the American, she thought, she need not rest, prepare. Why wear a mask when a man is stupid? No, he wasn't stupid; just simple and honest, talking slowly of his—er—White Leghorns.

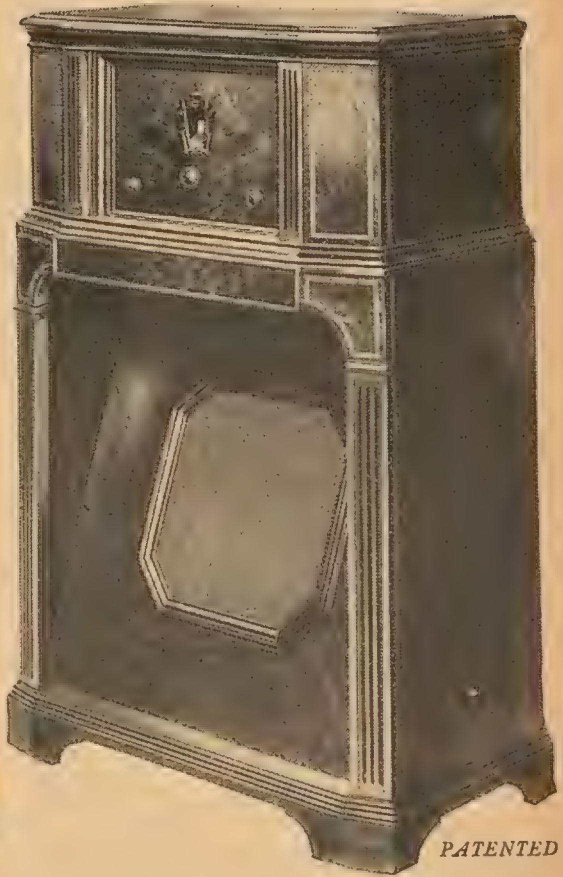
"I have told you he rests me," she said to the count.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

Bringing back the GOOD OLD FAMILY CIRCLE



PHILCO, the first radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument, is bringing back the good old Family Circle! It is doing this with fine home entertainment.



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FACE VALUE
Continued from page fourteen

"With him I am natural, like a child in the country. I will go through with this plan, but no more. And he must not be hurt!"

The count bowed over her hand.

"Have no fear," he chuckled. "Not a hair of his apish skull shall be touched. And think what an honor we are doing him. He will never know that he was the kingmaker, who put back our Kaiser upon his throne. Meantime, *lebewohl, Fräulein.*"

Ericka went into her dressing room, put the package into an escritoire, and sat down before the mirror. She undid her hair, letting it flow, a golden flood over her shoulders.

She gazed into her reflection. Were her eyes less blue? Probably some trick of the mirror.

"Always trickery somewhere!" she murmured distastefully. Then she smiled. She had thought of one in whom there was no trickery, no mockery. She had even told him that she liked to cook!

She let her clothes fall to the floor, and bathed, humming a snatch from Tristan und Isolde. But it stopped abruptly when she recalled that tonight she must descend again to trickery—must play at love and mock a simple man.

She chose her ensemble with care. Long, sheer black stockings, and a black lace dinner gown. Her hair she brushed into burnished scrolls, then built and rebuilt her coiffure until its soft gold framed her lovely face. A string of white pearls—a gift from the count—completed the toilet. So prepared, she was seated against a carefully chosen background when Lieutenant Joseph Reynolds came. His honest eyes stared their admiration. In English he said:

"Gee, Ericka, you look swell tonight."

"I do not wery much the words understood," she replied in the English he loved. "But your Cherman is not better. I am, then, swelled?"

Joe grinned, and repeated the compliment in German. She smiled.

"Too beautiful, then, to be taken to dinner?"

Joe found suddenly that her hand was still in his. He released it, frowning thoughtfully.

"Some place off the main stem," he suggested. "Not conspicuous. The C. O. raked me over the coals."

"But why?"

"Well, you're an enemy," grinned Joe. "We're not supposed to fraternize."

The grin faded and his face looked bleak.

"He's sending me to Paris direct from The Hague."

She felt a wave of dismay, a sense of loss. Then came the second thought that it was better that way—better for him.

"But shall I not see you again?" she asked, trying to make her tone matter-of-fact.

"Yes," he said, with one of his shy smiles. "I think you shall—sometime. If you want to."

THEY went to a place called Adolph's, cozy, with good food, where the war and its ghastly aftermath seemed far away. Joe talked in his slow, methodical way, and she listened, noticing the humor in his fine dark eyes, and his smile, that was somehow warming.

While she interspersed apt comments she dissected the plan she had promised to aid, seeking any flaw that might bring disgrace or hurt to this honest man. She found none. It was as the count said—he would never know.

Dinner finished, Joe suggested a theater.

"No," she vetoed it prettily. "Since I shall not see you for long, Joe"—she rolled the vowel—"let us go home and sit and talk."

She saw the gleam that lighted Joe Reynolds' eyes. In a flash she knew that he was going to propose to her. And, since the artfully arranged taxicab accident when she had met him, she had never lied to this man. Yet, if she refused him now, he might not agree to take the package—and about that she must lie, anyway. And again, she had promised the monarchists to do her part—and the count had threatened her. What should she do?

In her apartment once more, Joe lit an American cigarette and passed it to her.

"Ericka," he said—then paused, grinning again—"I'll be shortening that to Eric pretty soon. Ericka, Germany's a tough place for a girl now, especially for a girl like you."

He stopped, and she could think only of letting him go on.

"Why don't you leave Germany flat and come to America—the States?"

"America—the States?" she repeated, at last trying to head this off.

"SURE." He fumbled for words. "The war's over. I l-l-like you a lot—want to see you happy. I'm a graduate of agricultural college and—I've got a thousand acres of the best Iowa cornland you ever saw. I'd like—I'd—well, I'd like to ask you—" He hastened on: "W-would you like me enough, with my face, to—to—want to—" His voice died away.

"I've only known you for a month," she remonstrated.

"Time doesn't mean anything that way," he said gently. "You do or you don't. The question is, do you?"

There was silence then. She heard the Swiss clock on the mantel ticking. Joe wasn't looking at her, not to pry into her thoughts until she wanted to answer. She loathed what she was about to do, but her tightening lip told her she would do it.

"Can't you wait—a week, Joe?" Her voice trembled slightly. "It's hard to say—outright—so quickly."

His hand found hers and squeezed it.

"Let me have both barrels, Ericka. Waiting a week won't change matters. And I'm leaving Berlin. Do you or don't you?"

His face looked like a battered relic, but was so serious, so earnest. She could not look at him, see him hurt. Nor, to one so honest, would she lie.

"I don't, Joe—not now."

"That's all right." He hadn't flinched, and his warm hand patted her cold one. "Let's talk about the country. Now, Guernsey cows—"

"Joe," she interrupted—"Joe, I had to be truthful. It would have been easy for me—in view of what I'm going to ask."

He looked surprised. But now was the time, she knew—now, when she had just proved her honesty to him. The guile she had learned carried her on.

"Yes, ask you," she said, blue eyes innocent. "You said you were going to The Hague tonight. Will you take a little personal package for me to my grandmother? She is at Arnhem, just across the frontier in Holland, where she can get nourishing food. Your train makes a long stop there, and I thought you could run up to the Hotel Regina and leave it. It would be so sweet of you, Joe."

He was looking at her intently, searchingly—and again she found that she must force herself to look at him.

"What kind of a package?" he asked.

"Some keepsakes—little things that older people treasure. There are a few trinkets—and it is forbidden to export jewels. Your diplomatic pouch is not searched. But now, after what's happened, perhaps you don't want to—"

"Now he'll feel he can't possibly refuse," she told herself. "How detestable I am!"

"Why not?" he said abruptly, coming out of immersion in those blue eyes. "I'd be glad to do it, Ericka, but there are stringent orders against using diplomatic pouches for anything else. I'd be court-martialed, disgraced."

She was so eager that her voice rose.

"But no one would know! You take it to Arnhem—that's all. Just some family trifles."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

HE SEEMED A DIFFERENT MAN WITH THE "Other Woman"

THIS WIFE GREW CARELESS AFTER MARRIAGE

THE "OTHER WOMAN" IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF!

She knew the minute dinner was announced that Dick would be seated next to Jane Wilson. Queer how people always seemed to put them near each other. Well, they did make things lively, seemed to draw each other out.

Watching them, she tried to think how long it was since she'd seen Dick so interested, at home. Really, not since —good heavens, she thought with a queer little pang, could it be as long ago as that — since the first year they were married! It had seemed natural enough for him to settle down into a quiet, matter-of-fact husband. She'd really forgotten he could be so entertaining. Could that Wilson girl . . . . . ?

Idiotic of her to be thinking these things. No one could be sweeter than Dick. How terrible to think of losing him — surely such a thing couldn't happen to her?

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[FACE VALUE
Cont'd from page 16]

The eyes opened wider, more appealingly.

Joe thought of the sky above his Iowa home—blue, true blue.

"You're sure?" he asked. "Just family trifles?"

"Joe, I swear it."

Joe thought of what Major Larned had said—that this woman "had designs." But he looked into those eyes again, and in them could see no guile.

"Well," he said, with a little sigh, "I guess the world won't fall apart if I take a little junk across the line. Let me have it."

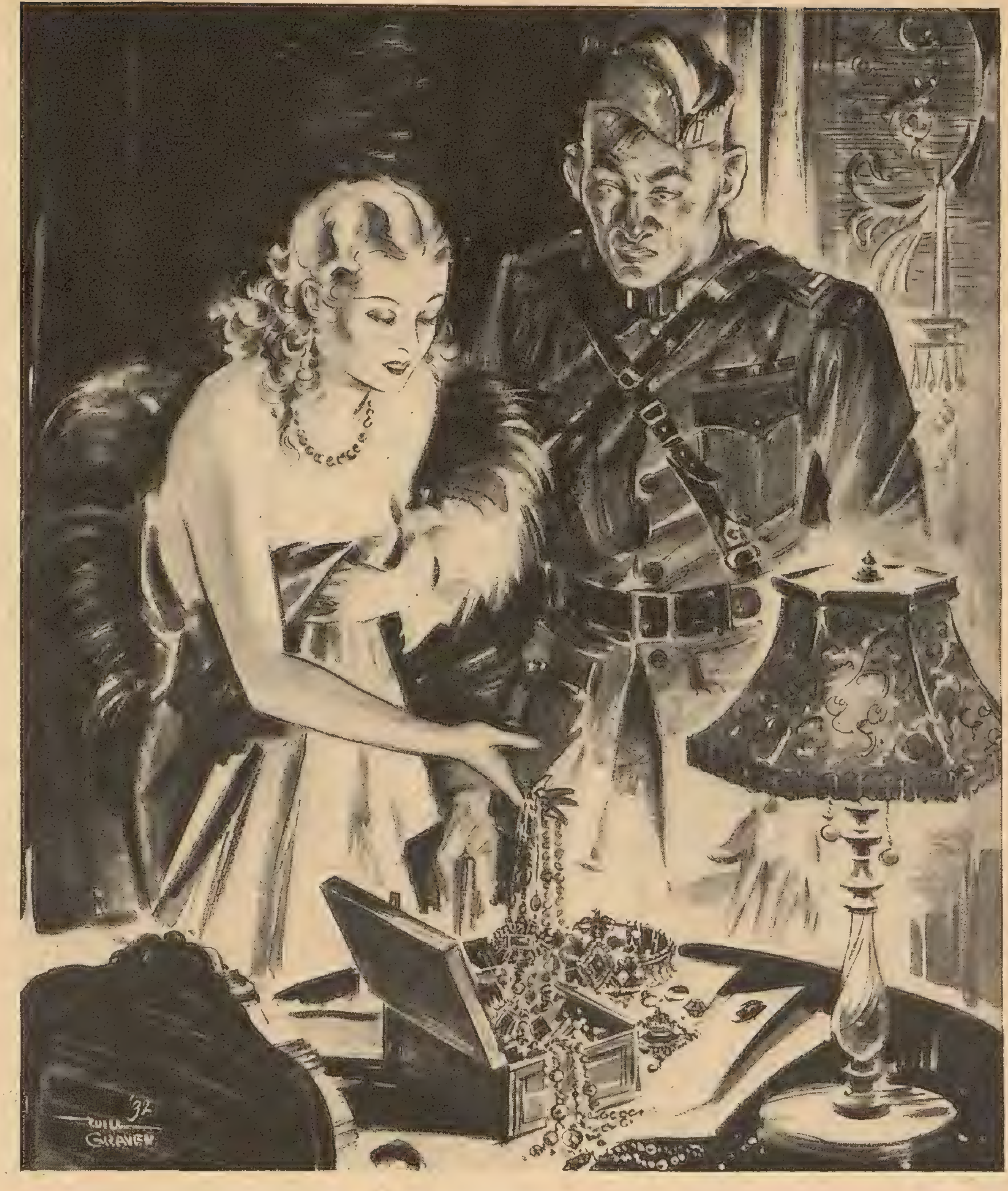
HE stretched out his hand for the package. Then a rich red flush covered his broad face; for Ericka had leaned over and kissed him.

"You are a friend, Joe," she said. "Not to let—my reply—"

She gave him the package, and with it directions. He rose, put his overseas cap jauntily on one side of his head.

"No trouble, Ericka," he said cheerfully. "Glad to do a favor for a friend."

He paused, weighed the package. Would he think it was too heavy, become suspicious? But he did not.



She opened the lid. Joe gazed thunderstruck upon glittering gems.

"I suppose this is good-by," he said—"for a long time."

"Maybe I come some day to America," she said in her English. "To I-oway?"

"Ten miles from Council Bluffs, town of Ralston, which isn't much more than a wide place in the road."

She did not know what he meant, but his smile was enough.

She moved closer. He felt the impulse within her, and within himself. They kissed again—a kiss that finished with his arms about her. He stepped back, staring.

"God, Ericka, did you mean that?"

It had been gratitude, she told herself—just gratitude.

"I'm so thankful—" she began.

"Oh," he said. "Well—*auf wiedersehen!*"

He was gone, and the door was closed.

She went back to the couch and sat down. That kiss, she realized, had been a mistake, a cruel, unnecessary thing to inflict. Yet, had not the impulse been the same that made her love a beautiful countryside, a homage to the strength, the honesty of the earth? No, she thought. She had kissed men in pursuit of information. That was trickery. But not this kiss.

But wasn't it? She had tricked this same man. Had not the kiss been part of the trickery? It was very confusing—and a few months ago would not have troubled her. She buried her face in her hands. The telephone bell rang.

It was the Graf von Krieger.

"I'm off on an early train," he announced, "for The Hague, and—good-by."

SOMETHING in his voice frightened her.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Marina is suddenly ill," he told her. "She can't meet the American."

Dread assailed her.

"What will you do? He expects my grandmother, an elderly woman—"

The count laughed.

"Then he will be disagreeably surprised. He has the package? Good. I shall get it."

"But he has a pistol," she protested. "He will not surrender."

"That is a pity," said the count firmly. "But I cannot draw back. I'll try not to hurt him."

A click and the line went dead. Ericka leaned against the table, grasping her negligee across her breast. Joe would go to Arnhem, to the Hotel Regina. There he would be trapped by von Krieger, perhaps others. He would fight. He would be killed, or at least disgraced for violating his orders. This she had brought upon him with her trickery and deceit!

She could not face him, confess—but she must save him. But how? Almost too late for a train, and—Well, why catch a train? Why do anything? This was luck, not her fault.

If Marina had not been taken sick he would have been unharmed. Why do more? She would never see this ugly-faced boy again.

Her brain was aswirl with thoughts. It would not do for her, Ericka von Stetten, to keep the Kaiser from his throne. And she had promised the count— Suddenly came a flash of Joe's smile—the honest bluntness of his proposal; what he had told her of the Silver Greyhound on his shoulder, insignia of the courier service that meant "swift and faithful"; his simple acceptance of her word about the package.

Her fingers intertwined nervously; her eyes sought the Swiss clock that ticked off the seconds.

She got up and went to her bedroom.

. . . . .

AS the Hague express roared through the night, Lieutenant Joe Reynolds sat in a *wagon-lit* compartment, watching the blackness rush by the window.

His berth was ready, but he did not undress.

His dispatch case lay on the lower bunk. In his lap reposed the sealed package which Ericka von Stetten had given to him. He had gazed at it now for nearly an hour, weighing it carefully in his big hands. What could be in it?

He had been trying to make up his mind to open it—a difficult task, for it would be proof that he distrusted Ericka. Joe made hard work of distrusting anyone—but, after all, was Larned right? Had she used him? Was this common sense reasserting itself over infatuation?

"No girl," he muttered aloud, "could like my mug."

None ever had during his twenty-six years of life. If not the homely ones, then why this wonderful creature? But—the only way to find out was to break the seals, see what was in the package.

His eyes wandered to his heavy service automatic. Why not believe her, go to this Hotel Regina? But if she had lied and he got into a fight, that would get out; Larned would press a court-martial.

He had this choice: open the package and learn the truth, or trust her and chance the Hotel Regina with its possibility of disgrace. The fight did not worry him. Slowly, even sheepishly, he smiled.

"She's a right nice girl," he said to himself.

He tossed the package on to the bunk, removed his shoes, leather puttees, and Sam Browne belt and blouse, lay down, and in a few moments

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FACE VALUE
Continued from page nineteen]

was asleep. Joe was earthy enough to sleep like that.

The Dutch customs officers waked him up at the frontier, glanced at his diplomatic credentials, bowed, and backed out. Arnhem was only moments away, so he sat waiting.

Joe could sit for quite a while without thinking at all, but whenever his eyes encountered the package he thought of Ericka. He trusted her, he loved her, but how could she love a mug like his? And there you were.

Amid sighing of brakes and hoarse shouting, the train stopped in the Arnhem station. Joe picked up the package and his dispatch case, and swung down. The train would stay twenty minutes. And a moment later he was winding through narrow cobbled streets, past buildings gray and gloomy in the early light. Once again came temptation to open the package. His fingers plucked at the sealing wax.

“No,” he muttered. “She's all square, that kid. I'd never want her to know I doubted. And if it should be a crooked deal, why—”

He looked down at his automatic. The concierge told him to go to the fourth floor. He hastened up the stairs, found Number 26, and rapped.

In next week's issue—

Does Al Smith Hold the Winning Cards?

A frank appraisal of the happy warrior's chances of dictating who shall be the Democratic nominee for President

by

Jay Franklin

**Also stories and articles by
Beatrice Grimshaw—F. R. Buckley—Joseph Hilton Smyth—Dorothy Cottrell—Al G. Barnes—Renee Carroll**

At that instant, from within the room came the sound of a slamming door, then of a stunning, shivering blow, then another—and a woman's muffled cry.

Joe threw his body, hardened by a thousand acres of cornland, against the door. The lock snapped, the door swung inward. Through it, pistol in hand, he lunged—then stood transfixed, wide mouth agape.

BEFORE him a pale, disheveled Ericka von Stetten struggled to draw a cloak over a body whose beauty was left beyond doubt by its scanty clothing.

From behind an inner door, evidently locked, came more thumping; then, in German, a man's voice crying:

“Let me out! Let me out! Ericka! Ericka!”

Joe's mouth opened wider. He stared, blushed, turned his head.

“Why, Ericka!” he stammered. “What—”

The girl had flung the cloak around her; pointed to the locked door.

“Make him stop that!” she cried. “He'll bring the police. But be careful—he has a pistol!”

Joe walked to the door, unlocked it, and presented a .45 for the contemplation of Graf Friedrich Gottlieb von Schlieffen und Krieger, whose amazement was equaled only by Joe's own. But it did not prevent his relieving the graf of a long-barreled pistol.

FREDERICK C. PAINTON

author of this story, was born in Elmira, New York, in 1895. He did newspaper work on up-state New York papers, served in the war, and now devotes himself to writing. At present he is traveling in Europe in a search for material for future stories. He is married and has a young son.

“Who is he?” asked Joe. “And what'll we do with him?”

“Send him away,” said Ericka hurriedly. “I'll explain—later.”

“No—let's get this straight,” said Joe, with growing determination. “What's he doing here? Where's your grandmother? And why—why—”

He blushed violently. So did Ericka, pulling the cloak closer around her.

She could hardly look at him. She had dashed to the early train, followed von Krieger here to his baited trap—and now she could not explain.

Even though she had saved Joe from death or disgrace, she had first tricked him about the jewels. His direct mind would grasp that, would demand the whole truth.

“This is the Graf von Krieger,” she said in a voice she tried to steady. “He has been my superior in the imperial secret service until the revolution—when we became—co-conspirators.”

Joe was amazed. He fumbled for words.

“And what—what—were you and he—”

The composed voice of the graf cut in, brittle as his twinkling monocle:

“The lady's appearance, as you entered, should enlighten even your rustic chivalry,” he said. “Surely you know something of women spies—”

ERICKA darted forward, unmindful, as the men were not, that the cloak was falling, making her a heroic figure of enraged womanhood.

“You liar!” she cried to the graf. “You contemptible liar! When I surprised you here just now—begged you to give up this plot, spare Joe—you threatened that you would kill him—unless I helped you. And that help was to be what you called our old trick—what you said Americans called the badger game.”

Joe started. The graf tried to rise, but Joe pressed the muzzle of his gun into the German's face. Ericka turned to Joe.

“An old trick that secret services teach women spies,” she flamed. “Oh, I consented to play it once or twice—he and I. I would lead on some contemptible enemy—some traitor, perhaps—whom we must get into our power for the Fatherland. At the right moment the count would appear, as my husband. At the right moment, I tell you—always at the right moment. You must believe that!”

Her hair had tumbled down, golden against flushed cheeks. Her eyes, those deep-blue eyes, were fixed pleadingly on Joe.

“*Ach*, I have been sorry—most, I think, since I knew you,” she protested. “I told him”—nodding to the count—“that it should be never again. But when I came here to save you, he seemed to go mad. Before, it had been a trick, play-acting; this time, he said, it must be different. So, only, would he spare you. He drew his pistol—”

She faltered, then went on:

“I took as long as I could. Suddenly he gave me a chance. I pushed him through that door and locked it. Then you came in. That is the truth, Joe.”

The big man looked at her, and looked, it seemed for hours. His ugly face was solemn. Then he turned and looked at the graf.

One hand holding the pistol, with the other he raised that gentleman, by the collar, from his seat. His eyes blazed.

“You get out!” he said shortly.

The graf was no coward, but he got. Joe turned to Ericka.

“I believe you about that part,” he said slowly. “But what's in this package?”

“Heirlooms, Joe,” she replied. “What I told you was true—partly. But—they're the Kaiser's heirlooms—crown jewels!”

She broke the seals, tore open the stout paper, disclosing an inlaid box. She opened the lid. Joe gazed thunderstruck upon glittering gems: tiaras of diamonds; rubies glowing red; the green sheen of emeralds; coiled in iridescent whiteness, a pearl dog collar. Joe had never seen such flashing, twinkling wealth—thousands, millions.

“I'll have to turn this stuff in,” he said dully. “And I'll have to tell 'em I got it—breaking orders.” He gulped painfully. "I guess I had it coming. No girl like you could love a fellow with a map like mine. I took a chance I shouldn't have taken. But you took a bigger one coming here to save me. And—thanks for that."

"But I haven't really saved you yet from all the trouble I've made for you," she said eagerly. "Let me go to Paris and give up these jewels—tell them you and I discovered this plot to bring back the Kaiser—"

This time Joe did not hesitate.

"No," he said. "I've got to tell 'em the truth now. I'll go straight to Colonel Van Deventer—"

"Then take me with you!" she cried to him. "I want to tell the truth, too. I'm sick of the old trickery—and—and everything. You are so simple and so fine— Oh, Joe, take me with you—to Paris, Iowa, anywhere!"

JOE'S face lighted—but he could hardly believe. She was coming close, blue eyes wide, lips parted.

"Let's get this right," he implored. "Could you really stand my face every day—and my being kinda dumb—"

"Dumb?" She laughed softly. "Why, for weeks I've been wondering what a White Leghorn looked like!"

His face had become beautiful—and how close she was!

"You are the most lovable, wonderful woman in the world!" he said, voice trembling.

"Oh, Joe, you darling!" she cried. "How *can* you call yourself dumb?"

He showed her that, after all, he was not so dumb.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is nostalgia?
2—What is sericulture?
3—What is a surcingle?
4—What play introduces the character Mrs. Malaprop?
5—Who is King of the Belgians?
6—How many states in the Union?
7—What is an edentate?
8—What and where is Gallaudet College?
9—In what state is Death Valley?
10—What is the basic element of coal?
11—Who was Odin?
12—What actor was known for his impersonation of Rip Van Winkle?
13—What is tonsillectomy?
14—What does the Greek word eureka mean?
15—What is a megrim?
16—Who wrote Robinson Crusoe?
17—Endocarditis is a disease of what organ?
18—What is spelter?
19—What is a chinquapin?
20—How many humps has a dromedary?

(Answers will be found on page 37.)

here are

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Another Roosevelt

An Impartial Estimate of the
as a Presidential

By JAY

(Reading time: 11 minutes 30 seconds.)

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, Harvard graduate, Governor of the State of New York, and gentleman, is the best bet in the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination. He is an irrepressible candidate. Scarcely a day goes by or an issue bobs up but Roosevelt hits the front page with a statement or something. He issues as many statements as there are issues, and strokes backs indefatigably until he dominates Democratic thought as the "logical candidate." His availability rolls up into a sizable snowball of political popularity, to which his showing in early state primaries has amply attested.

In all this he has revealed himself as a consummate politician. He has inherited Al Smith's uncanny knack of making a Republican legislature play Democratic tunes. He has built up the Democratic Party in New York's up-state "rock-ribbed" Republican districts. He has taken the Tammany taint off his candidacy by helping investigate the corruption in New York City, and has even gone so far that he outmaneuvered Al Smith on the reforestation policy, and thereby proved that from now until Election Day the New York Democrats must carry the Roosevelt brand. He has picked up friends and delegates in every state of the Union, until the only question is whether he will go into the nomination convention with a two-thirds majority. The man knows politics.

That does not mean that he will make a good candidate. On the contrary, he will make a rather poor one—but in 1932 the Democrats may not need anything more to win. He has a physical handicap which will injure his appeal to the voters. It does not matter that he has made a courageous comeback from infantile paralysis or that he is the liveliest cripple in American politics. When a candidate has lost the full use of his limbs, the haunting suspicion persists that he might not stand the strain of the White House. The doctors say that he could, but the White House has killed strong men before this.

Then again, Roosevelt is a gentleman. That is always a slight handicap in our public life. Roosevelt will not measure up to the standard of political horseplay and has too much humor to engage in the solemn tub-thumping which passes for moral sincerity in the crossroads regions of the United States. And, finally, there is a widespread conviction that Franklin Roosevelt lacks guts, that he can't force the pace, and that when cornered he will play dead dog. He is not regarded as a fighter.

If he gets into the White House it will be as a blank check. Nobody has the slightest idea of whether he is "another Roosevelt" or just another Democratic candidate. No one knows whether he is a statesman or a name. There is much to be said for the novel idea of putting a politician in the White House, but politicians can degenerate into wire-pullers, and a weak politician can do much harm in national politics.

His record is of little help in sizing up this charming and adroit gentleman who has staged the gamest comeback in our recent political history. In 1920 he was his party's candidate for Vice President, and he went down in the Harding landslide. Before that, Roosevelt had been an able Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the war and had borne a major share of the administration of the fleet. After the fatal election Roosevelt collapsed with infantile paralysis—a fate which usually overtakes successful candidates—and he has never fully recovered the use of the muscles of his legs. He maintained touch with politics, however, putting Al Smith's name in nomination at the Democratic conventions of 1924 and 1928.

IN the terrible year of the Hoover landslide, Smith drafted Roosevelt to run for the Governorship of New York. Roosevelt carried the state when Smith lost it, and carried it again in 1930. Hence his availability.

Thus it is that Roosevelt is far out in front. Unfortunately, that is the most definite thing that can be said about him. With two years of depression in which to make hay of Hoover's unpopularity, Roosevelt is still cheerfully uncommitted on all the issues and ideas on which men can be brought to fight or to vote. His availability for the Democratic nomination is the sum and substance of his record as Governor of New York.

This is not to his discredit. Things have come to a pretty pass when a big governorship marks the end of a man's ambitions. The point is that New York State will have to pay a price for the Roosevelt candidacy. The citizens of the state will have to face a fifty-per-cent increase in income tax in order that the state's unemployed may receive help at the instance of Governor Roosevelt. The water-power question in New York has been worked into the Presidential pattern, and the St. Lawrence waterway project became a stalking-horse for an attack upon Hoover's position on the national aspects of the power question. For too long a time Roosevelt temporized with the stench of Tammany corruption, and then went only far enough to placate the anti-Tammany feeling in the South and West. Had there been a concurrent investigation of the equal corruption in some of New York State's Republican cities, it would have stilled the suspicion that he played politics or traded votes on the whole nauseating problem of city government.

Set against this is a record of some really liberal and progressive legislation. His acts as Governor of New York constitute the real basis of his candidacy. Thanks to Franklin Roosevelt, New York has old-age pensions. Thanks to Roosevelt, New York is grappling with the problem of unemployment insurance at a time when the federal government acts as though a series of low growls

n the White House?

overnor of New York
andidate

RANKLIN

Acme photo

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT. "He might not give us the hard-boiled type of policy, but neither would he give us a soft-headed one," says Jay Franklin.

at Russia and the deportation of a few minor members of the Communist Party were the final solution of the greatest problem of our age. Thanks to Roosevelt, New York farmers have a farm-relief program which is saving them $30,000,000 a year; New York has established a milk shed, a reforestation program, a back-to-the-land movement, a vast social welfare program, a model prison policy, and a state-wide public utilities policy.

There is no doubt that Roosevelt's heart is in the right place and that he views the spectacle of human suffering in an industrial democracy as demanding action rather than optimistic hand-outs. In spite of his patrician upbringing and a Harvard education, he reveals greater readiness to regard unemployment as something more than a difficult statistical problem than does Herbert Hoover, whose early life was a series of hard knocks. In fact, Roosevelt's record shows pretty clearly that there is much more in common between the rich and the poor than there is between the poor and the ex-poor.

THE self-made man is always a harder boss than is the aristocrat; and Roosevelt represents the all-but-forgotten strain of chivalry, untempered by self-righteous morality, in the tradition of our public life. Theodore Roosevelt had it, with much the same background, when he championed the striking miners against the coal barons at a time when the strike was regarded as akin to treason and property rights as having been established by Jehovah. It would be a pleasant change to have men regarded as human beings rather than statistics.

That is why we wish that Franklin Roosevelt weren't so vague whenever he meets an issue. We are looking for a chance to admire him as well as like him. On the subject of prohibition he is wetter than Smith, but not so wet as to lose the vote of Bishop Cannon's friends. On the subject of unemployment relief he agrees with Hoover in practice—that the problem is up to the local communities and then the states—but for public consumption he gives the unemployed the impression that they are getting the dole, while he persuades the bankers that he is fundamentally sound. He has made a sort of sulky virtue out of the fact that the state has a responsibility to relieve distress before the federal government can be asked to foot the bills.

His water-power policy is equally two-sided. He believes that the state should control production but that private business should control distribution of hydroelectric power. His critics assert that this means that the taxpayers shall foot the heavy costs of installation and the private interests shall secure the profits of distribution. This is an unfair distortion of the Roosevelt theory, which presupposes that by controlling production the state can assure reasonable profits to the distributor and fair prices to the consumer. Anyone who knows politics and business, however, knows that in practice it will not work out that way for very long.

On every other national issue—tariff, farm relief, disarmament, foreign policy, banking policy, social unrest—he seems as hard to pin down as a live eel on a sheet of oilcloth. Those issues aren't his chickens and he won't hatch those eggs until he comes to them. Just the same, the whole impression which he gives is one of gentlemanly opportunism, reluctance to take a position or follow a policy which might lose him a vote or offend an ally. It's hard to serve two masters, and it's hard to be governor of a big state and at the same time to be a long-distance Presidential candidate.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

If he makes the race he will be handicapped by the fact that he has many friends and few foes. He is supported with restrained enthusiasm by the wets, while the drys refrain from political hydrophobia when his name is mentioned.

The liberals and progressives will be fairly strong for him, though they couldn't be held in line against a really progressive candidate like Borah. And at the same time Wall Street does not dislike him.

One of Roosevelt's most significant assets at the present time is the support of Colonel House. That wily old Texan picked Wilson and he has now picked Roosevelt—to win. House knows every trick of the game, national and international, and he can give Roosevelt the sort of advice which every President ought to get and which so few of them listen to when they get it.

Colonel House is playing to bring over to Roosevelt the vote of protest against hard times. The rebound from the Hoover landslide has been terrific. In the first year after the election of 1928 the Solid South hounded out of public life all the Hoovercrats who had broken the Democratic ranks and had given a Republican candidate electoral votes. At the elections of 1930 and 1931, the Republicans were put definitely on the defensive for the first time since 1916. Higher prices for wheat and signs of life in the stock ticker may take the curse off the Republicans before the elections of 1932, but it's not worth gambling on now. Unless a few political miracles materialize before November, it will be the sort of year in which the Democrats could nominate a yellow dog.

If you add the votes of those who feel fooled by Hoover to the votes of the Solid South, pour in the funds of the very biggest bankers who think that Hoover is too damn' socialistic, and season with the Catholic and immigrant hangover votes from 1928, you have all the ingredients of a Roosevelt landslide in 1932.

THE embarrassing thing about this simple little problem in political algebra is that Roosevelt has no foes. That is his greatest weakness. No one can respect him for the enemies he has made, for he has made no enemies.

And yet we all know that millions of people will vote against Roosevelt and for Hoover.

Why? Party loyalty and party habit isn't the only explanation. There is the fact that Roosevelt appears to be on the make politically, a man who stands for nothing very solid himself and who does nothing which might injure his chances of being nominated. It is not enough to answer that Hoover is another opportunist. He may be, but he gives the appearance of sincerity and he does stand very definitely for several distinctly unpopular things.

So did Wilson, for that matter, and Wilson himself was never defeated in a political campaign. Roosevelt, as yet, has not dared to take an unpopular course, and until he does we will not know whether he stands a real chance of combining into a victorious party all the millions who yearn to vote for a conspicuously liberal and energetic leader.

If Roosevelt were elected he would make a good President. He has charm, education, training in public life, and good breeding. He is clever politically and able administratively. He would avoid unnecessary personal friction, and would be, in some ways, a second Wilson. He could bring the country a little closer to liberalism in its social ideas and to progress in its political institutions. He could facilitate American coöperation in the financial reorganization of the world by lower tariffs and debt readjustments. He might recognize Russia or bring us into the League of Nations or build a larger navy or start a fresh series of interventions in Latin America.

He might do none of these things, but at least he would do something. He could give a thorough housecleaning to the moth-eaten and musty administration of the national government. He could inaugurate that overdue era of reform which had to be laid aside in camphor in 1916, when we saw that we would have to go to war with Germany and could not afford the time or energy to reorganize our society on a decent political and economic basis. Roosevelt could give the country a sane, cheerful, and kind-hearted administration, and actually do a lot of good in the process.

HIS chances of being nominated are better than those of any other Democrat. His chances of being elected, if nominated, are so good that the Republicans will have to invent some brand-new political strategy—on the order of tanks or poison gas—to stop him. His chances of going down in history as a great statesman are not promising. So few of our Presidents have done so.

On the other hand, Franklin Roosevelt in the White House might go down in history as one of our most attractive and sensible leaders. He is an aristocrat, with an aristocratic mind and an aristocratic policy. That means that his mind is open, skeptical, and can be changed without requiring the complete moral reorganization of the universe or a special visitation from the Holy Ghost.

It means that his policy will be one of readiness to do the necessary and honorable thing promptly and cheerfully, without referring it to a commission, preparing blue prints, or charting its progress from factory to consumer. It means that in Roosevelt we would have an undogmatic, light-hearted, and straightforward gentleman in the White House, and that his successes and his failures would be those of a man trained to self-control, sportsmanship, and consideration for others as the foundation of private and public life.

Another Roosevelt in the White House might not give us the heavyweight, hard-boiled type of plunging policy which we may need in the next few years, but neither would he give us the mournful and all but maudlin type of soft-headed and soft-hearted policy which is the aim of our multitudinous idealists and professors.

In an age in which we must keep our balance and maintain our national interests without truculence or cringing, we could do far worse than elect as President a man who has been brought up to believe that privileges confer obligations and that life is not so serious that one can afford not to act like a gentleman.

THE END

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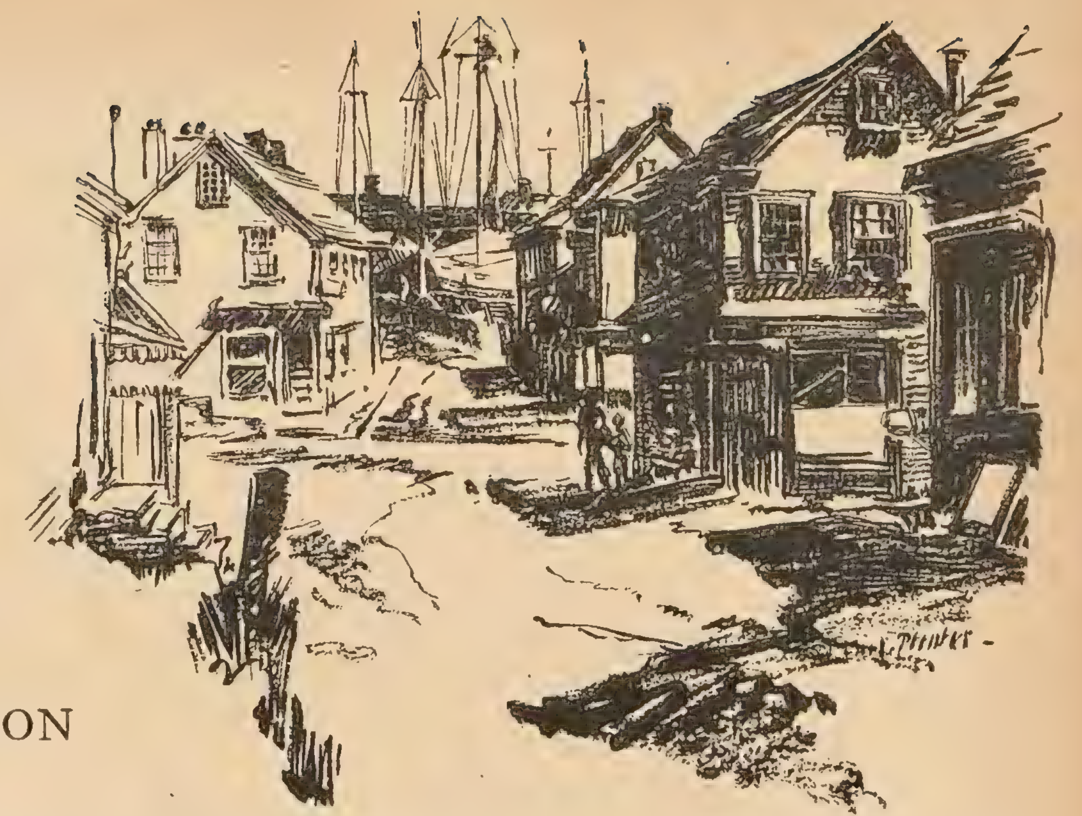
Mo' Fish

A Short Short Story

By EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON



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LAMMIE ROE refused with a cynical grin to join in the community prayer meeting for a better fishing season. Miss Binberry might have known what he would say. He had a reputation in the village of Oakport as an unregenerate freethinker.

"Mo' fish, huh?" said Lammie. "Well, I'll tell you, Miss Maude—if everybody would get out and do mo' fishin' and less prayin' they'd be mo' like to *ketch* mo' fish."

Besides needing conversion, Lammie Roe was prob'ly the only eligible bachelor there was around. He was a rugged man of the sea, bronzed, thrifty, and thirty-odd. He lived in a stranded house boat on the shore; owned three acres around it. The village of Oakport, though he was in its limits, was a comfortable thousand yards distant. Lammie had built the road to his place.

Mr. Seeph Binberry, proprietor of Oakport's seven-room hotel, warned his daughter to keep away from that fellow. "No use tryin' to make a silk purse out of a pigfish's ear," he snorted.

For days after the prayer meeting for more fish there was no sign at all that Providence intended to intervene. Oakport was glum. Then Lammie Roe woke up one morning to find a whale in his yard.

Before dawn, his ear, long accustomed to the varying notes of the tides, had told him something was wrong. Daylight confirmed this feeling. Stretched high on the beach, where a combination of full-moon tide and a gale had washed it, lay an eighty-foot leviathan.

"When they pray for fish," mused Lammie, "they *git* fish."

He guessed his moribund pet would weigh eighty tons—a ton to the foot was an average for a whale. Moreover, when city newspapers broadcast the whale news, the road to Oakport became clogged with cars—cars from all over the state and near-by states as well.

Lammie, being a business man, levied a toll of twenty-five cents on all automobiles using his private road. He put up a high board fence, admission ten cents. "That's *my* whale," said Lammie.

The whale-seers came in droves. Mr. Binberry's seven rooms in one night accommodated thirty guests. The Oakport general store ran out of groceries, the filling station ran out of gasoline. The only thing Oakport didn't run out of was whale. This fact became daily more noticeable. Fish need ice—and the whale needed eighty tons of ice.

Visitors begged Lammie to tear down his fence and let them view the whale at a distance, preferably from the windward.

When five thousand some-odd people had paid to see his whale, Lammie decided it was enough. He said as much to the mayor.

"You want us to move a whale?" said the mayor. "Whose whale?"

"Don't matter whose whale," said Lammie. "It's in the town limits and it's a nuisance, and you got to move it."

The mayor laughed immoderately. "Eighty tons! And we got a one-ton truck. Why, man, it'll take two tugboats to haul off that whale—five hundred dollars apiece a day, from Norfolk."

On the ninth day of the whale, Lammie moved to Mr. Binberry's hotel. He had to. And the town served notice that it would move the whale and assess the cost on all owners of abutting property. Lammie's was the only property that abutted the whale. He went for solace to Miss Maude Binberry.

"Couldn't you-all get up another prayer meetin'," he suggested, "and ask the Lord maybe to take back that there whale?"

"If you would join the church—faith moves mountains."

Lammie joined the church, and all the fishing fleet turned out to drag off that whale. But the whale wouldn't budge. The mayor ordered two seagoing tugs from Norfolk—a thousand dollars a day.

"I'm a ruined man, Miss Maude," said Lammie Roe. "I took in thirteen hundred some-odd dollars on that whale, and it's gonna cost fifteen hundred, maybe, to haul him off. But I seen the error of my ways. If you'll marry me, I'll try to make you a good husband; and maybe I can be a sort of fisherman guide for the hotel."

Miss Maude ecstatically said yes, and prayed hard for the Lord to move that whale so it wouldn't cost her *fiancé* so much.

IT stormed that night, and the tugboats, floundering in heavy seas, were delayed an extra thousand dollars' worth.

A belated motorist came dripping into the hotel and inquired excitedly for Lammie and the whale. "Have they moved it?" he cried.

"You mean," demanded Lammie Roe incredulously, "you came here on a night like this to see that goldanged whale?"

"Yes," said the visitor breathlessly. "I was afraid the tugs had hauled it out to sea. I am the curator of the State Museum of Natural History. We simply must have this splendid specimen of the *Physeter macrocephalus* mounted for the museum."

"You mean you *want* that whale, mister?"

"Yes, yes! The towboat people have been awfully nice. They have offered to tow it off for me free of charge—a wonderful donation to science—but they were afraid their tugs had already disposed of it; and the wires to Oakport have been down all day."

"Mister," said Lammie, shaking his hand solemnly, "I want you to meet the future Missus Roe. Any time you want another whale for that there museum, all you got to do is ask her to pray for you!"

THE END

Mongrels ALL

By ALBERT PAYSON

Chipping the Bark Off Some of Our Best Family Trees

(Reading time: 8 minutes 10 seconds.)

ON my desk lies a certified five-generation pedigree of one of my collies, Champion Sunnybank Thane. In the fifth generation there are thirty-two names: the names of his great-great-great-grandparents.

All thirty-two dogs were registered in the American Kennel Club Studbook. Thus, the entire thirty-two were proven thoroughbreds.

I have had thirty-two great-great-great-grandparents. Do I know who all or half of them were? I do not. Nor do you know who yours were. I don't even know who half of my sixteen great-great-grandparents were; though they must have been alive during part of the nineteenth century. Nor, I think, do you know who half of your great-greats were.

Thane's five-generation pedigree is 100 per cent certain. My own five- or even four-generation pedigree is a mess. So is yours.

It is humiliating. But it is true. Thane is a proven thoroughbred. You and I are mongrels.

"Mongrel" is not a pretty word. But, for the moment, I can't think of a more accurate term to describe us mixed-ancestored humans. Can you?

To begin with, you had two parents. Each of them had two parents. So you had four grandparents. In like sequence you had eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, and thirty-two great-great-great-grandparents. That brings you back to the fifth generation; and this is further than you or I can travel with any clearness.

I vision a reader snorting loudly at this point, and declaiming:

"Rot! I know perfectly well who my great-great-great-grandfather was. He was Judge Eusebius Van Blanck, a colonial chief justice and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Through him I can trace my family tree to burgomasters in Holland, two hundred years earlier. Yes, and Fredigonda, his wife, sprang from honored stock in the old country! You're talking nonsense, and I—"

Let me interrupt you, oh, blue-blooded ancestor worshiper. I don't doubt you are descended from Judge Eusebius Van Blanck and from Fredigonda, his wife, and that they were all you say they were. But how about your thirty other great-great-greats who lived at the same time and who were every bit as much your direct ancestors as were the two Van Blancks? How many of *those* can you name?

Let us be liberal in our figures, and assume you can trace your descent from as many as eight of your great-great-greats—which almost no American can do. Good! Then you can prove your descent from eight thirty-seconds—one-fourth—of that generation.

But if I could prove no more than that Thane has 25 per cent of good collie blood in his veins, do you suppose the Studbook would admit his name to its pages?

I should have to wait until doomsday for my certificate, besides stamping myself as an ignoramus in canine matters. Yet the members of the Society of the Cincinnati and the Colonial Dames and the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, and of a dozen other famous genealogical organizations, base their claims to blue blood on such 25-per-cent or less justification.

That is not a wholly pleasant thought for those who belong. But there is comfort in it for the vast majority of folk who don't belong. It is high time that a dynamite cartridge of simple sanity be inserted under this ancestry fetish; high time for the truth to be told.

Let us get back to the aristocrat whose fifth-generationers were Judge Eusebius Van Blanck and Fredigonda, his wife. While we are at it, let us grant him accurate knowledge of six more of his great-great-greats—a knowledge which not one person in a thousand can claim. That means that one-fourth of his ancestors who lived during the American Revolution and somewhat later are not wholly unknown to him.

HE is making his brag on the strength of 25 per cent of the supposedly known truth. What about the rest of his forbears of that same day—the unknown 75 per cent of them? Who were they? *What* were they? Nobody knows. One very strong probability, however, sticks out like a sore thumb:

If they had been folk who amounted to anything, their children and grandchildren would have remembered and passed along their names and their fame. One cannot imagine, for example, a son of Patrick Henry or of Nathaniel Greene or of John Hancock failing to tell his children and his grandchildren anything about their illustrious progenitor.

One cannot imagine these children and grandchildren forgetting to mention his name to their own children and grandchildren. One cannot imagine the absence of some document or relic, to be handed down through the family; some effort to keep record of the straight line of descent from such an immortal.

In fact, that is why Judge Eusebius Van Blanck is remembered.

Which brings us back to my morbid statement that if the twenty-four unknown and forgotten great-great-greats had been worth embalming in family memories, they would have been embalmed thus. Let's go a step further in the debunking process:

One does not talk about a parent or a grandparent who brought disgrace on the clan, or who was of a so-called inferior race, or who was worthless. His or her name dies out quickly in family annals. In other words, he or she becomes one of the unknown 75 per cent of the

TERHUNE

MR. TERHUNE speaking. "For all I know," he says, "one of my great-great-grandfathers may have been a Turk or a Chinaman or a Negro or a gypsy or George Washington or an Indian chief."

Macfadden Studio photo

great-great-greats or even of the nineteenth-century great-greats.

The name is obliterated. But his or her share in your ancestry cannot be obliterated. Half-breed Jake, the tramp, who was hanged for stealing food from the starving Continental army at Valley Forge, may be just as much your great-great-great-grandfather as is Eusebius Van Blanck who signed the Declaration of Independence.

But you may inherit your rich brunette complexion quite as logically from Half-breed Jake's Indian or Negro or Hindu mother, as you inherit your aristocratic aquiline nose from the blue-blooded Eusebius. You can't accept one possibility without accepting both.

In my own case, even in one of the two direct lines, my genealogy stops short in the fourth generation. For all I know, one of my great-great-grandfathers (the father of a handsome ne'er-do-well who called himself Jesse Hawes) may have been a Turk or a Chinaman or a Negro or a gypsy or George Washington or an Indian chief.

It is the same with all of us in a greater or less degree —usually a greater. Among our ancestry in the fifth and fourth and perhaps third generations there may well have been Indians (there is a larger mixture of Indian blood in us than most people realize), Negroes, Hindus, Mormons, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Quakers. We don't know. We can only guess from certain physical and mental attributes which crop out unaccountably in family after family.

Among us, undoubtedly, are strains derived from every European country, and probably from Africa and Asia. There were illiterates and illegitimates in the throng, if nothing worse. Our family trees in many instances may bear a humiliating likeness to a gallows tree. We don't know. We know only that we are a mongrel mixture of a score of unidentified strains. Not one of us can claim Thane's purity of blood.

Some day, read the works of Gregor Mendel, or at least an outline of the proven Mendelian theory which accounts for unsmeared throwbacks dating sometimes to five generations or more ago. For better proof you need look no further than into your own family connection.

Here is a child who stands apart from his known ancestry. Of old, these throwback children were branded by the superstitious as "changelings." (How else account for Abraham Lincoln, glorious offspring of two clods?)

The changeling in your own circle of relatives may be the check-forging son of a man of God. He may be the incurably lazy son of tirelessly industrious parents.

He may be a second Napoleon Bonaparte (and perhaps many of us are descended from the Bonapartes, several of whom honored our country with their presence during their exile years); or he may be a lad who has risen shiningly to holiness from family muck. Or he may drag a shiningly clean family down into the mire.

He is a throwback. But to whom? God knows.

IN my collie kennels, again and again, a pup is born which is a 100 per cent throwback to some ancestor of five generations ago. Not only in looks but in character. I know whence these throwback pups glean their cosmos. But I don't know where I myself got certain overmastering traits which have shaped my whole life and character.

My mother, for example, was only five feet four inches tall, and she came from a long line of short or medium-sized folk. My father was well under six feet tall; and was the tallest of his kin. At sixteen, I stood nearly six feet three in my bare feet. To what unknown giant did I throw back?

My mother, bred of a race of stolid business men and clergymen, could not free herself from the yearning for a writer's career. To what eighteenth-century unknown or left-handed ancestor was she a throwback?

I mention these personal matters, not that they can be of any public interest, but because they prove my point and because I can attest to their truth. Barring the occasional throwback, all of us are blends of—we don't know what. We are at least three-fourths of unknown descent.

You and I, in short, are mongrels. We may be, by some miracle, pure Nordic or pure Latin. But the chances are a thousand to one against it.

We are a jumble: Jew, Gentile, Aryan, Caucasian, and everything else.

THE END

She Liked Beer

The Story of a Promised Bride—But What are Promises at Sea?

By

BETTY BIALK

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

MILWAUKEE sounds like a stein of beer with a Middle-Western accent.

Gretchen sounds like a flaxen-haired, apple-cheeked, soft round German doll.

Bauer sounds like a calm, respectable family name.

Gretchen Bauer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was flaxen-haired, but her cheeks were more peach than apple and she was not too soft and not too round. Besides being Middle-West and respectable, she was twenty and shy. In addition, at the moment she was very lonely and temporarily shaken out of her calmness. She had never traveled far from home before, and she had never traveled alone.

There is nothing in the world more lonely than an ocean liner twenty minutes before sailing time, when everyone else is scurrying about like field mice saying good-by to friends who must get off the boat, and leaning against the rail in order to wave good-by to the friends who are waving to them from the pier.

Gretchen left her place at the rail and went to her stateroom. She unpacked some of her things. She looked at her nails, but they didn't need polishing or filing or anything. She repowdered her face, although her clear peach-bloom complexion didn't need any powder. She changed from her black tweed suit into a yellow sports frock that matched her hair. Everything would be all right in the afternoon, she told herself, trying to believe it. She'd meet people at luncheon and she'd meet more people afterward. There was a swimming pool somewhere on the ship, she knew, and a gymnasium. But it wouldn't be much fun swimming or exercising alone. Of course, after lunch—

Gretchen found herself assigned to a table for four. The two middle-aged women seated at it had already ordered when she arrived in the dining room. The fourth place was vacant. Gretchen looked at the women, smiled shyly. One of the women condescended to introduce herself:

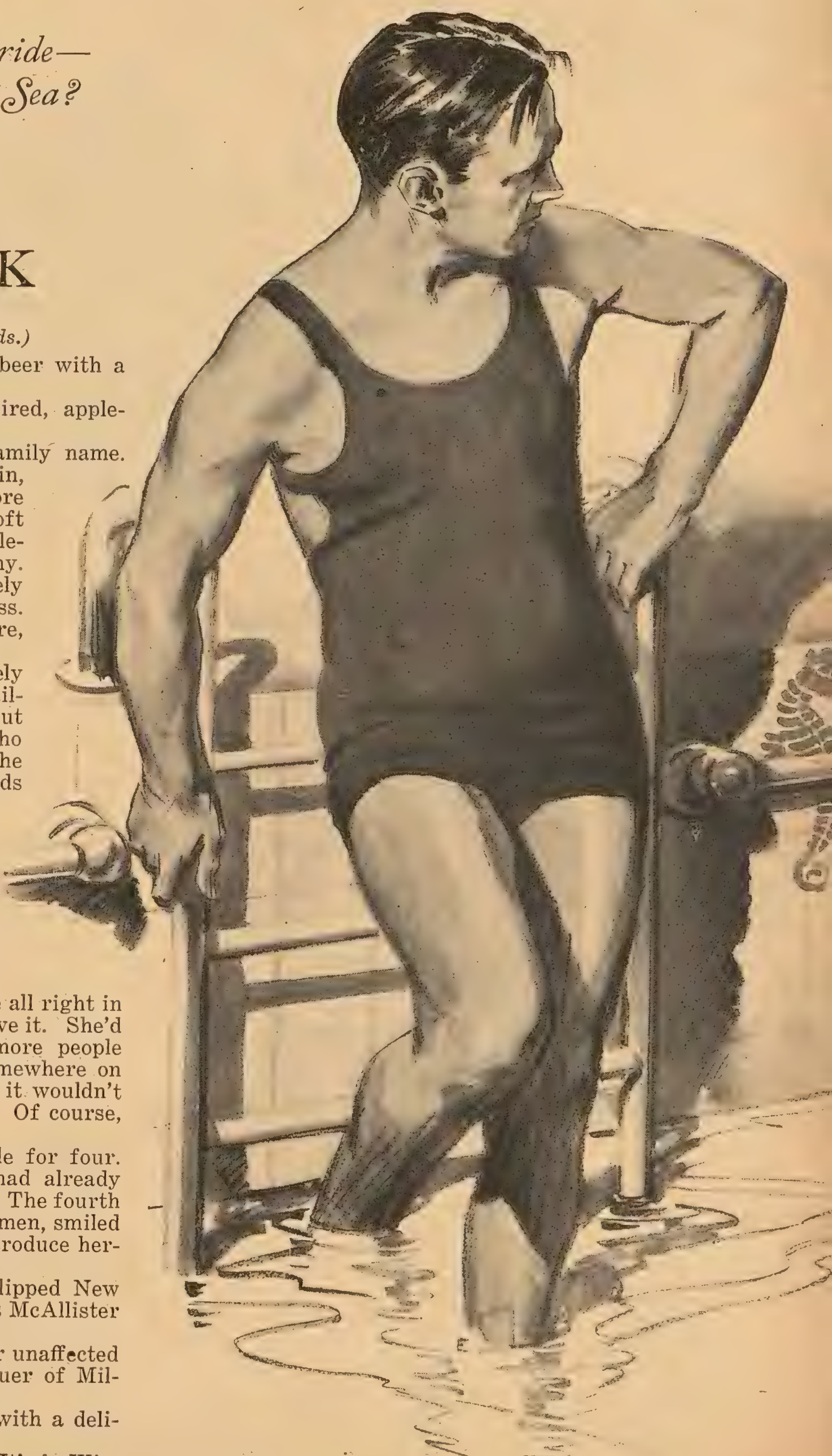
"I am Mrs. Williams," she said with a clipped New England accent. "Of Bahston. This is Miss McAllister of New York. We are traveling together."

"How do you do?" Gretchen replied in her unaffected Middle-Western voice. "I am Gretchen Bauer of Milwaukee."

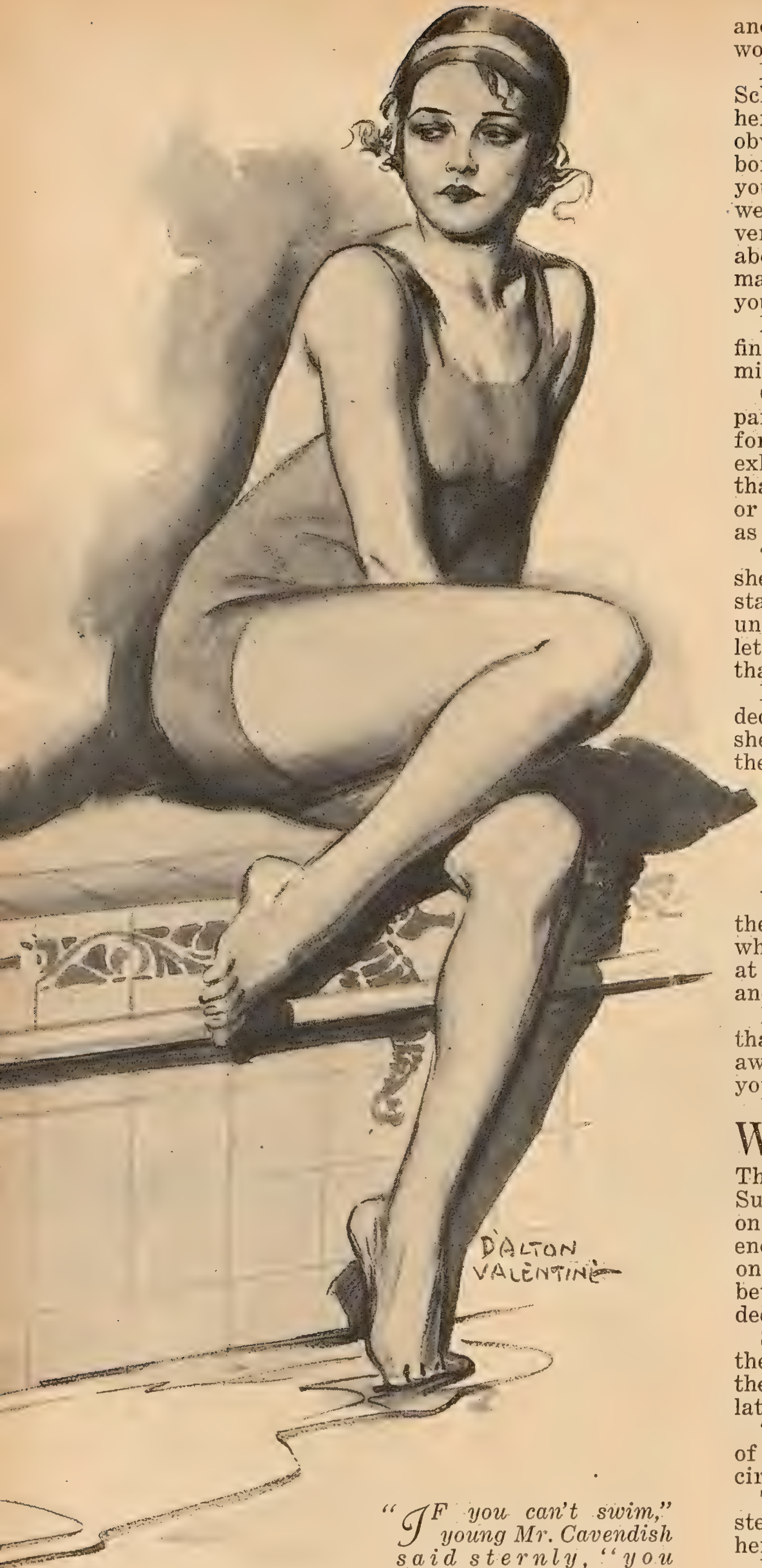
"Milwaukee?" Miss McAllister inquired with a delicate raising of her brows.

"Yes," Gretchen told her complacently. "It's in Wisconsin. You must have heard of it."

"Of cou'se." Mrs. Williams smiled icily. "That is where—be-ah—came from, isn't it?"



Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE



"IF you can't swim," young Mr. Cavendish said sternly, "you shouldn't try to show off."

"That's it." Gretchen smiled engagingly. "And good beer it was, too! My father was at the head of the best brewery in town."

"Rail-ley!" said Mrs. Williams.

"Ree-a-lly!" said Miss McAllister.

They continued their luncheon in silence, and Gretchen wondered who was to be the fourth at the table, and what he was like. When she found herself thinking about the fourth person in the masculine gender, a flush spread over her peach-bloom skin. A girl who was on her way to be married to one man had no right to be thinking of another! She ought to be thinking of her fiancé, and wondering what he was like.

But Gretchen had wondered so often what Rudolph Schumann was like, and the pictures that had been sent her from Germany had never told her much besides the obvious facts that he was tall and blond and looked stubborn. It isn't very exciting to think about someone you've had to think about all your life, ever since you were a little girl with flaxen braids, and very round and very soft, and your parents had told you, very seriously, about the pact that had been made years before in Germany, and that when you were twenty you were to marry your father's friend's son.

Mrs. Williams and Miss McAllister left as soon as they finished luncheon, with a cool nod in her direction. They might have asked her to walk the deck with them.

Gretchen could dive in a one-piece tank suit, or do her parallel-bar tricks in form-fitting tights and sweater before hundreds of spectators; but that was a sort of sexless exhibitionism. Hers was not the kind of exhibitionism that could pirouette itself around a ballroom half unclad, or even around the deck in a clinging sports frock, modest as such sports frock might be in intent.

"You've got to walk around!" she told herself, and she did. Around A deck and around B deck, while women stared at her clothes and men stared at her. She was unaware that there was a challenge in the graceful athletic swing of her body and in the proud set of her head that belied her shyness and her loneliness.

It was only after she had walked around A deck and B deck and wondered helplessly what she could do next that she remembered her deck chair. Of course! She found the deck steward and a few minutes later he had located hers. The chair to the left was vacant, but the one to her right was occupied by a black-haired young man with exceedingly long legs and a stern red mouth. Gretchen noticed this before she sank into her chair and stared steadfastly into the water.

What was the etiquette aboard ship, she wondered as the minutes passed and both remained silent. After a while Gretchen looked at him covertly. If he was looking at her, she thought, maybe she could smile just a little, and then he would say something.

He was lying there with his eyes closed. She noticed that his eyelashes were exceedingly long before she turned away quickly and looked out to sea again. Soon after the young man got up languidly and walked away.

WHEN she went down to dress for dinner, she saw the young man entering the stateroom across from hers. They were neighbors, then, and that was something. Surely they would become acquainted now! As she put on a white satin evening gown that was just décolleté enough, her loneliness became unbearable. If she could only talk to someone about anything at all, she'd feel better. She could ask the young man for the time, she decided. That was a legitimate question.

She set back her watch twenty minutes, stepped into the hall—and encountered the steward. Simultaneously the door opposite hers opened and the young man, immaculate in evening clothes, stepped out.

"Pardon me," Gretchen said to the steward—because of course she couldn't address the young man under the circumstances—"can you give me the correct time?"

The young man walked down the corridor while the steward gave it to her. She went back for her gloves and her evening bag and went to dinner, too.

Mrs. Williams and Miss McAllister were at the table. The fourth place was filled now, too. By the young man with the black hair and the long legs and eyelashes. Somehow Gretchen wasn't terrifically surprised.

"Good evening," she said to her plate, and the three answered her, the young man drawing himself up on his long, lean legs.

"I suppose I ought to introduce myself," he said grudgingly. "My name is Paul Cavendish. Of Baltimore, Maryland."

"How do you do?" Gretchen said. "My name is Gretchen Bauer. I'm from Milwaukee, Wisconsin."

"As we were saying, Mr. Cavendish," Mrs. Williams

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE LIKED BEER
Continued from page twenty-nine

put in, "we know some of your friends in Baltimore. They have mentioned you to us, in fact. The Highlands."

"Yes," young Mr. Cavendish said dispassionately. "My family knows the Highlands quite well."

"Charming people," Mrs. Williams murmured. "Quite the social leaders. So charming."

"Quite all right," Mr. Cavendish said, and reached for a roll with a gesture that indicated that, as far as he was concerned, the Highlands had been discussed sufficiently.

Wasn't he going to say anything to her at all, Gretchen wondered. But apparently he was not. The two women disregarded her also, except when Mrs. Williams said in her icy New England voice: "We saw you strolling around the deck, Miss Bauer. How do you like the boat?" And without waiting for a reply she continued her conversation with Miss McAllister.

Young Mr. Cavendish was the first to finish dinner. He excused himself and left. Gretchen lingered, hoping that the women would invite her to the ballroom with them, because she hated going up alone. But they hurried through dessert and left with a polite nod and an icy "We'll see you later, perhaps," from Mrs. Williams.

There was nothing for her to do but go to the ballroom alone, because she simply couldn't bear sitting in her stateroom. There were too many women, as there usually are on steamers. Paul Cavendish wasn't there, but there was a hostess who said to her, "I want you to meet some lovely girls!" But the lovely girls, all paired, drifted off blithely as soon as the introductions were consummated.

Then a tall, dark man who had been watching her came up to the hostess and addressed her, nodding in Gretchen's direction. The hostess, with visible reluctance, brought him over.

"What *is* your name?" she asked in her professionally friendly manner. "I can never remember those long ones."

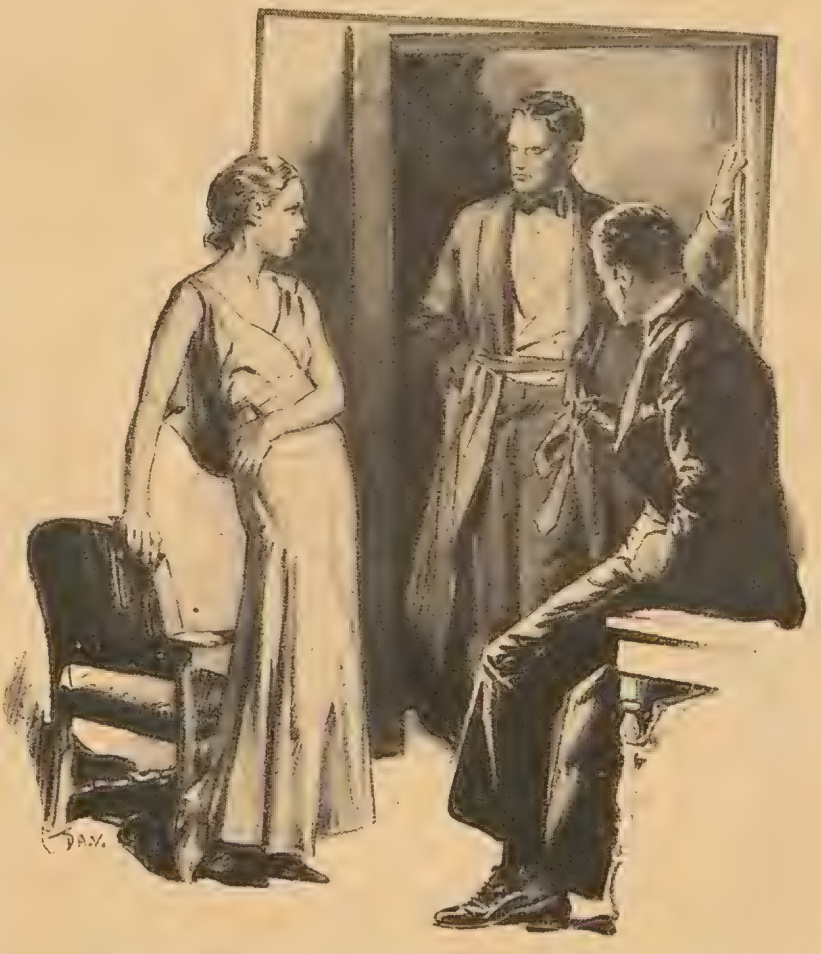
"Bauer," Gretchen contributed.

"Yes, of course," the hostess purred. "Miss Bauer, may I present Mr. d'Orsay?"

"How do you do?" Gretchen said.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss Bauer?"

"Surely," Gretchen said, not caring if she sounded too eager. They danced several numbers together.



Paul Cavendish, looking taller than ever in a black brocade dressing gown, was standing on the threshold.

"WOULD you care to go to the bar, Miss Bauer?" Mr. d'Orsay suggested finally.

"I'd love to," she told him eagerly.

They went into the sumptuous salon.

"What would you like to have? Champagne?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I had some at home once and it gave me a headache."

"Well, then, suppose you try a cocktail?"

Gretchen deliberated, drawing her smooth brow up in a frown. "I don't believe I'd better," she decided; "but there is something I would like very much."

"Anything you wish, Miss Bauer."

"May I have some beer, please?"

"Beer?" Mr. d Orsay questioned with a raising of his oiled eyebrows, adding with a return of his suavity, "Surely, if you wish."

He drank a bottle of champagne while she drank several steins of beer and ate a bowl of pretzels, and the crowd in the salon began to thin out and Gretchen decided that it was time for her to retire, too. Mr. d'Orsay walked her to her stateroom.

"Good night, and thank you," she said in her straightforward manner. "It was good of you to spend so much time with me when you might have found someone less dull."

Mr. d'Orsay raised his impeccable eyebrows. "Dull, Miss Bauer? I have never met anyone so charming, so fresh, so unsophisticated. You are like the lily of the valley. You are—"

"Thank you," Gretchen interrupted, blushing to the roots of her long flaxen hair. "I must go in now. Good night."

SHE opened the door, and Mr. d'Orsay put his foot inside, and the next moment he was inside too, and smiling easily.

"It is not polite," he scolded gently, "to cut a man short in the middle of a speech, particularly if the speech is so complimentary as the one I was making. But it is kind of you to give me the opportunity to finish it in greater privacy."

"I'm not giving you any sort of opportunity," Gretchen told him steadfastly. "I must ask you to leave."

Mr. d'Orsay's smile grew more suave. "You are even more charming when you make a pretense at being angry."

"I am not making a pretense. Please go, or I shall have to ring for the steward, Mr. d'Orsay," Gretchen said.

As if in answer to the threat she had just expressed, a knock sounded. She opened the door. Paul Cavendish, looking taller than ever in a black brocade dressing gown, was standing on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon," he said calmly, addressing Gretchen and absolutely ignoring Mr. d'Orsay. "May I trouble you for the time? My watch has stopped."

"I'll look at mine," she said, going to the dresser. "Come in. Good night, Mr. d'Orsay. I'm afraid you misunderstood."

Mr. d'Orsay's lips curved. "I quite understand—now," he said. "Good night." He left, ignoring Paul Cavendish as much as that young man had ignored him.

"It's a quarter past twelve," Gretchen told him.

"Don't be silly," Mr. Cavendish said brusquely, leaning his tall body against the door, thrusting his hands in his pockets, and regarding her with stern brown eyes. "I didn't want the time. I happened to overhear the conversation that took place, part on the outside and the inside of this room, and I thought I'd save you some embarrassment by playing the rescue act. Why did you ask me in? Now he thinks that—"

Gretchen interrupted: "I don't care what he thinks. I thought that you really did want the time, and I was afraid that if I didn't ask you in Mr. d'Orsay would stay. He is rather horrible, isn't he?"

Young Mr. Cavendish shrugged. "You should have had more sense than to have danced with him half the evening and to have drunk with him the other half," he told her sternly. "You certainly knew of his reputation."

"I had never heard of him before."

Young Mr. Cavendish drew himself upright, turned to go. "Surely they have a newspaper in Milwaukee, Wisconsin," he said as a parting shot.

He was gone. Gretchen stared at the door a long time.

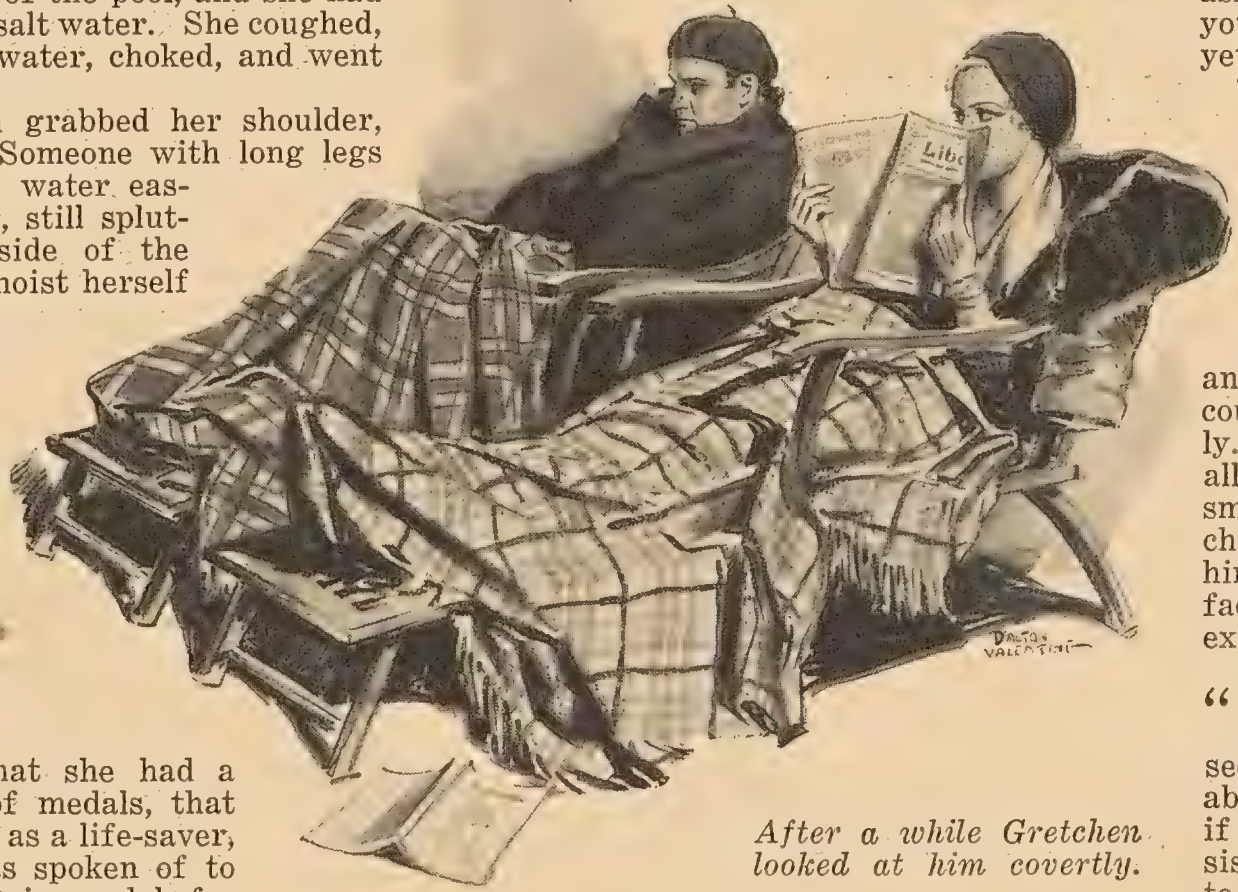
She came down to breakfast late the next morning because she hadn't been able to fall asleep the instant her head touched the pillow, as she usually did. Young Mr. Cavendish had already left and Mrs. Williams and Miss McAllister were just leaving. After breakfast, unable to stand her inactivity any longer, Gretchen went down to the swimming pool. She hastily donned the plain backless green suit she used for beach wear, tucked her flaxen curls under a green skullcap, and went to the diving board without looking around to see if there'd be anyone she knew—Mr. Cavendish, for instance. Because she knew she'd be nervous if anyone she knew was there —Mr. Cavendish, for instance.

Poising herself for a moment on the edge of the board, Gretchen executed a graceful swan dive. As she came to the surface she opened her mouth to take a deep breath before swimming to the side of the pool, and she had her first taste of salt water. She coughed, swallowed more water, choked, and went under.

A strong arm grabbed her shoulder, pulled her up. Someone with long legs that could tread water easily propelled her, still spluttering, to the side of the pool, helped her hoist herself to the ledge.

"If you can't swim," young Mr. Cavendish said sternly, "you shouldn't try to show off."

Gretchen spluttered again—in anger this time. She wanted to tell him that she was the best swimmer in her Turn Verein, that she had a whole chestful of medals, that she had qualified as a life-saver, and that she was spoken of to receive a Carnegie medal for saving two children from drowning. She had only enough breath to say, "I forgot it would be salt water. I never swam in it before."



After a while Gretchen looked at him covertly.

She dived in again, just to show him that she wasn't afraid, and she circled the pool three times, using a different and an expert stroke each time. But when she drew herself to the ledge again, young Mr. Cavendish had taken his long legs elsewhere and was nowhere in sight.

. . . . .

IT seemed that he never lunched in the dining room. Only Mrs. Williams and Miss McAllister were there, and Miss McAllister was saying to Mrs. Williams, "She says she saw him taking her to her stateroom, and that it was at least an hour before he came back!" And Mrs. Williams was saying to Miss McAllister, "But, my dear, what can you expect of the daughter of a—" They broke off abruptly as Gretchen joined them, and they were more distant than ever.

In the afternoon, Gretchen gravitated toward the gym. The instructor recognized her merit when he saw her, in her bathing suit, doing a double split on the parallel bars.

"A Turner?" he asked.

"You bet," she grinned.

"I was one, too," he confided. "In Detroit."

"I come from Milwaukee."

"Fine town! Wonderful Turner organization there."

"Yes," Gretchen agreed.

She spent the rest of the afternoon acting as unofficial assistant to the instructor. For almost two hours she practically forgot about Paul Cavendish, and she was so engrossed in her favorite recreation that she didn't notice him among the men in the gallery.

By dinnertime she was so tired and so afraid that only Mrs. Williams and Miss McAllister would be at their table again that she followed young Mr. Cavendish's precedent and ate in her stateroom. She forced herself to read all evening.

A wan and unhappy Gretchen coming down late to breakfast the next morning met a wan and unhappy Paul Cavendish. Mrs. Williams' and Miss McAllister's stacks of dishes were carted away by the waiter, and they were quite alone.

"You look tired," young Mr. Cavendish said grumpily.

"So do you," Gretchen told him sulkily.

"I couldn't sleep."

"You were probably up too late."

"I wasn't up any later than you were, at that. I didn't fall asleep until three and you hadn't come in yet."

"I didn't leave my stateroom last night."

Suddenly young Mr. Cavendish smiled. It was the first time Gretchen had seen him smile, and it changed his countenance completely. He didn't look at all stern when he smiled like that. Gretchen grinned back at him. Immediately his face resumed its stern expression.

"I WAS worried," he scolded: "You see, there's something about you— I feel as if you were my kid sister and that I've got to keep an eye on you."

He kept an eye on her all day. They sat in their deck chairs for a few hours, and swam together and worked out in the gym together, and walked in the evening, when she looked adorable in a turquoise-blue dress with a quaint sash.

She told him about Milwaukee and about her father and about the Turn Verein. He was very interested and didn't laugh at her or make her feel ashamed that her name was Gretchen Bauer and that she came from Milwaukee and liked the Turn Verein and beer. She told him all about herself, but she didn't tell him why she was going abroad.

He told her about Baltimore and about himself. He was twenty-three and out of college two years. He had tried to learn his father's business, but he hated it; so he had made his avocation his vocation and was considerably successful as an artist.

He told her why he was going abroad. There had been a woman. She had married a man twice his age and with two hundred times as much money, it seemed. So he was through with women. He was going to Paris to paint. He would never fall in love again. He was going to forget himself in his art. With a few years of concentration he'd be turning out something really good. Paris was the only place for an artist to live.

"It must be wonderful," Gretchen sighed. "I think I should love it."

"Of course you will," Paul told her. "I'll show you around. There's a wonderful place to eat right around the corner from the studio I'm taking—"

"But I'm not going to live in Paris," Gretchen said, in the habit she had of interrupting. "I'm going to live in Berlin."

"Hell!" Paul said.

He decided then that they ought to walk around the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE LIKED BEER
Continued from page thirty-one

boat deck in the moonlight. They leaned over the rail and watched the black water swish by. They looked up at the black sky splashed with huge stars. They looked at each other and found a shyness in their eyes and an eagerness on their lips, and they closed their eyes to their shyness and let their lips give way to their eagerness. Paul kissed her soft white throat and her cornflower-blue eyes and her flaxen hair then, and Gretchen stood on tiptoe so that she could kiss his long-lashed eyes that weren't stern at all now. Some time later, when they came down from the boat deck and were walking toward their staterooms, Paul asked:

“ Must you live in Berlin? ”

“ Yes,” Gretchen said in a small voice, suddenly remembering everything she had been trying so desperately to forget ever since she had met Paul Cavendish. “ I'm going to be married as soon as the boat docks.”

BETTY BIALK

who wrote this story, lives in Chicago, where she was born. Her name is pronounced Baulk. She says, “Don't ask me my nationality, because, it seems, I'm Bohemian-Hungarian-Russian-German-Prussian.” She has been writing stories since childhood, but this is what she calls her “ first real big sale.”

“ You're—” Paul began, and stopped abruptly, too shocked to utter the words.

“ Yes,” she said miserably.

“ Why didn't you tell me? ” he demanded at last angrily.

“ You hadn't asked me,” she procrastinated.

They had reached their staterooms.

“ I thought,” he said bitterly, and his mouth was stern again, “ that you were different from any girl I had ever known. I thought you were unbelievably guileless and unspoiled. I thought . . .”

He went into his stateroom and slammed the door. Gretchen groped for the door knob, pushed hers open, stumbled in.

The next morning neither came down to breakfast and neither came down to lunch and neither came down to dinner.

The day after, her fifth at sea, Gretchen knocked at Paul's door. He didn't answer. She turned the knob timidly and went in. He was lounging in a chair, his long legs thrown over the arm. His hair wasn't combed and he wasn't shaved, and he was wearing bedroom slippers over bare feet, and a dressing gown. He looked absolutely terrible and absolutely adorable.

“ Paul,” Gretchen began, “ you've got to let me explain! ”

“ I never want to see you or speak to you again,” he said, getting up and coming over toward her. “ Please leave at once.” He dug his hands into his pockets, leaned against the door, and glared at her.

“ I won't leave,” she said stubbornly. “ I've got to explain about Rudolph.”

“ I don't give a damn about Rudolph! ” Paul said. “ As soon as I looked at you I knew you meant trouble. The Lord knows I tried my best to avoid you! First you got yourself in a jam with a notorious roué; then you almost drowned—”

“ I DID not! ” Gretchen interrupted, but Paul went on as if he hadn't heard: “ Then, when you succeeded in making me fall hopelessly in love with you—more in love than I've ever been in my life—you tell me you're going to marry someone else as soon as the boat docks.”

“ But that's what I want to explain, Paul! ” Gretchen cried. “ Please stop shouting at me long enough so that I can! I don't want to marry Rudolph. I never even saw him! ”

“ You never saw him? ”

“ No. My father arranged for the marriage before he came to America—before I was born. He pledged his friend that if his first child were a girl she'd marry his son. I was a girl, and all my life I've known that I'd have to marry Rudolph.”

“ My word! ” he exclaimed. “ Hasn't your father got any sense? ”

Gretchen stamped her foot. “ You can't speak that way of my father! ” she defended hotly. “ He had given his word—and I must keep his word, too,” she ended unhappily.

Paul took her in his arms suddenly, kissed her quickly, opened the door. “ The steward will be around in a little while and I'm not going to compromise you,” he told her. “ Those hens at our table are talking enough as it is. Go back to your stateroom and wait until I dress. We'll talk this thing over before we dock tomorrow noon.”

They talked it over all afternoon in the swimming pool and in the gym and in their deck chairs, and in the salon in the evening, and up on the boat deck later. Gretchen cried, but she said she'd simply have to marry Rudolph.

“ If you want to throw away every chance for happiness because of the archaic peasant notion that a girl must obey her father even in the choice of a husband,” he told her in a cold voice as he took her to her stateroom late that night, “ I have nothing more to say. In that event, please don't speak to me before we dock. I never want to see you again. If you change your mind by morning, let me know.”

“ I'll never see you again, then,” she said tragically, clinging to him. “ Won't you kiss me good-by, Paul? ”

“ No,” he said, disengaging her fingers from his arms. Once more he left her and slammed the door. Once more Gretchen crept into her room, and once more she didn't sleep much.

THE next morning, after a cold shower and breakfast in her stateroom had failed to drive away the headache her sleepless night had caused, Gretchen dressed and opened the door.

Paul, waiting just within his for her to come out, stepped into the corridor. They rushed into each other's arms and kissed, never even noticing that Mrs. Williams and Miss McAllister had paused down the hall to watch the scene.

Somehow they managed to get into Gretchen's room and somehow they managed to close the door without breaking their embrace.

“ The captain can marry us before we dock,” Paul was plotting eagerly, while Gretchen was assuring him that ever since she had met him she had known that she couldn't marry Rudolph.

. . . .

Hand in hand, with the amused and curious eyes upon them of fellow passengers who were cognizant of the wedding, Gretchen and Paul walked down the gangplank, their own eyes guiltily searching for a Teutonic gentleman with the air of a bridegroom. They found him quickly enough. A dark-haired, dark-eyed young woman was clinging to him.

“ Are you Mr. Schumann? ” Paul asked.

The gentleman started, then drew himself up and answered, “ Yes, I am. And is this Miss Bauer? ”

Gretchen's hand tightened on Paul's arm, but he was in complete command of the situation. “ This was Miss Bauer. She is now my wife, Mrs. Paul Cavendish.”

Amazement overspread the young man's features—an amazement that was supplanted by relief. He translated Paul's remark into German, and the young woman clinging to his arm threw her arms around Gretchen's neck and kissed her, while Rudolph pumped Paul's hand.

“ This,” he introduced belatedly, “ is my wife. My father said he'd disinherit me if I didn't marry Gretchen, but Elsie and I have been in love ever since childhood. When my father sent me here to meet Gretchen, Elsie joined me and we were married. We had no idea what we'd tell father or what we'd tell Gretchen.”

So they wired Rudolph's father and cabled Gretchen's father and Paul's parents. Then the four of them boarded the train for Paris.

“ We'll all have dinner in that restaurant I told you about! ” Paul announced jubilantly. “ The food is wonderful! ”

Gretchen, disregarding the crowd in the closely packed train, leaned her flaxen head against Paul's arm. “ How,” she asked, “ is the beer? ”

THE END

A New Landmark in Canned Food Values

ANNOUNCING

Del Monte vitamin-protected Foods

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Science says you need these health-essentials. Why not be sure you get them when they cost you nothing extra?

During the past few years, food authorities have given us a brand new reason for including fruits and vegetables in our diet. Vitamins! — those mysterious, elusive elements that are so essential in promoting growth and guarding health.

But science also offers a warning. A tremendously important warning when it comes to vitamins, *Be sure you get them!*

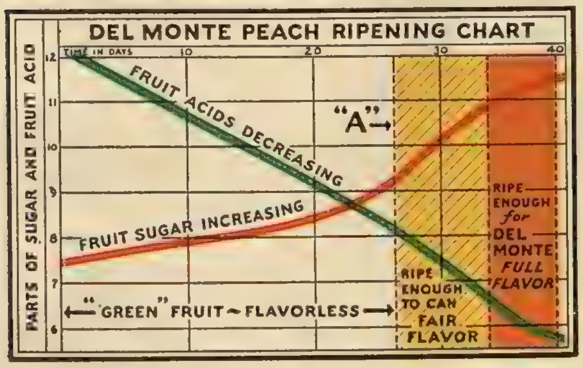
For vitamins are *not* fixed, stable elements—like proteins, fats or carbohydrates. They are as variable as flavor itself. Nature develops them slowly — and unless properly protected, they are easily lost.

Because of these facts, Del Monte offers you an entirely new standard for your judgment of food values — Del Monte "vitamin-protected" foods. A promise—and a safeguard—that makes it more important than ever to insist on the Del Monte label.

Read what this guarantee means

Oxygen is the foe of vitamins, just as it is of flavor. When you cook raw foods at home, even in a covered container, the oxygen of air is always present. Certain vitamins are lost.[1]

Before Del Monte Fruits and Vegetables are cooked, the air is drawn or exhausted from the can. The can is sealed air-tight. It has been scientifically established that such methods, impossible in your own kitchen, effectively prevent most of the vitamin loss which occurs in cooking at home.[2, 3]



Del Monte "vitamin-protection" goes hand-in-hand with finer flavor—If you want to be sure of the greatest value in the fruits and vegetables you buy, Del Monte's extra care in selecting only raw foods at the peak of perfection, is especially important. Under ordinary canning methods, fruit may be canned when it reaches the point marked "A" on the chart. Del Monte demands still further ripening *on the tree*—an added assurance of finest flavor and maximum vitamin content, under this brand.

QUICK FACTS ABOUT VITAMINS
and their importance in your diet

The term "vitamins" designates a group of substances distinct in their functions from proteins, carbohydrates, fats and mineral salts.

They have no food value in themselves, they do not in themselves supply energy or build tissue. Yet they are absolutely essential for growth and health. Without them, our bodies cannot properly assimilate or use the foods we eat. Vitamins are the "vital spark" which keeps the human engine running smoothly.

While vitamins are widely distributed in Nature—that is, in properly matured, perfectly fresh natural (raw) foods—they are not always present, in full strength, in these same foods as they reach your table. Premature harvesting, storage or transportation over long distances to market, and cooking in the presence of air (as on your kitchen stove), all impair the vitamin content of foods.

The best way to make sure that your diet contains an adequate supply of vitamins is:

First, eat a wide variety of fruits, vegetables, fish, milk, and other foods known to be good vitamin sources;

Second, assure yourself that every possible and practical precaution has been taken to bring these foods to your table "vitamin-protected."

But there are still other dangers of vitamin loss just as important to guard against — and even more difficult to overcome.

Experiments have shown, for instance, that vitamin values may vary as much as 100% *between different brands of the same canned product.*[4] What makes this difference?

Here are some of the conclusions drawn from actual feeding tests:

First—The vitamin content of fruits is highest at the point of perfect ripeness. The vitamin content of vegetables is highest while these foods are young and tender. *Unless fruits and vegetables are harvested at just these points, it is impossible to be sure of all the health-promoting values these foods should have.*[5]

Second—Fruits and vegetables start to lose vitamins as soon as they are picked. *Even the matter of hours between harvesting and canning therefore makes a difference in vitamin content. Speed in canning is essential.*

To pick each variety at the moment of perfection — and to can it so quickly — calls for far greater skill and far greater care than ordinary canning methods. But it *does* bring you extra "vitamin-protection."

It calls for greater resources, too — resources enjoyed by few canners. With seventy-seven canneries, packing establishments, ranches and farms in California alone, with forty others scattered from Florida to Hawaii, Del Monte is able to bring you *special assurance of vitamin-protection before each product is picked—special assurance that vitamin loss from slow or careless handling after picking has been eliminated as far as skill and care can go.*

Why accept less?

In times like these, you certainly want the most for your money. Right now is the season, too, when your menus ought to have every bit of the value Nature puts into her foods.

Serve plenty of fruits and vegetables—be sure you get Del Monte!

There's no new mark to look for. *All Del Monte Foods in which vitamins are naturally present are "vitamin-protected."*

Best of all, they're extremely low in cost. Many of them at prices which have not been equalled in years. Enjoy all the variety you want. And with it, the wonderful assurance that you are getting the fine, healthful properties Nature intended your everyday foods to have—protected at every step from field and orchard to your table.

The vitamins most important in your diet — and some of their common food sources, "vitamin-protected" under the DEL MONTE label

VITAMIN A	VITAMIN B*	VITAMIN C
Promotes growth; strengthens resistance to colds and similar infections.	*Promotes nerve health and aids appetite.*	*Prevents scurvy; most easily destroyed of all vitamins.*
Asparagus	Apples	Apples
Carrots	Asparagus	Carrots
Cherries	Beets	Corn
Peas	Carrots	Grapefruit
Prunes	Cherries	Lima Beans
Pumpkin	Corn	Peaches
Salmon	Grapefruit	Pears
Sauerkraut	Lima Beans	Peas
Spinach	Peaches	Pineapple
Strawberries	Peas	Pumpkin
String Beans	Pineapple	Raspberries
SweetPotatoes	Prunes	Sauerkraut
Tomatoes	Raisins	Spinach
Tomato Juice	Salmon	Strawberries
	Sauerkraut	String Beans
	Spinach	SweetPotatoes
	Strawberries	Tomatoes
	String Beans	Tomato Juice
	SweetPotatoes	
	Tomatoes	
	Tomato Juice	

**Vitamin B is probably more affected by heat than the other vitamins. Del Monte methods of selection and process reduce this loss to a minimum.*

VITAMIN D — *Aids bone growth; prevents rickets. Especially important in child feeding. Particularly good sources of this vitamin are:* Del Monte Canned Fish, Salmon, Sardines and Tuna.

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[1] *Biochem. J., 17, 410 (1923).* [2] *Ind. Eng. Chem., 20, 202 (1928).* [3] *Ind. Eng. Chem., 23, 1064 (1931).* [4] *J. Agr. Research, 41, 51 (1930).* [5] *"The Vitamins," Sherman & Smith, p. 195 (1931).*

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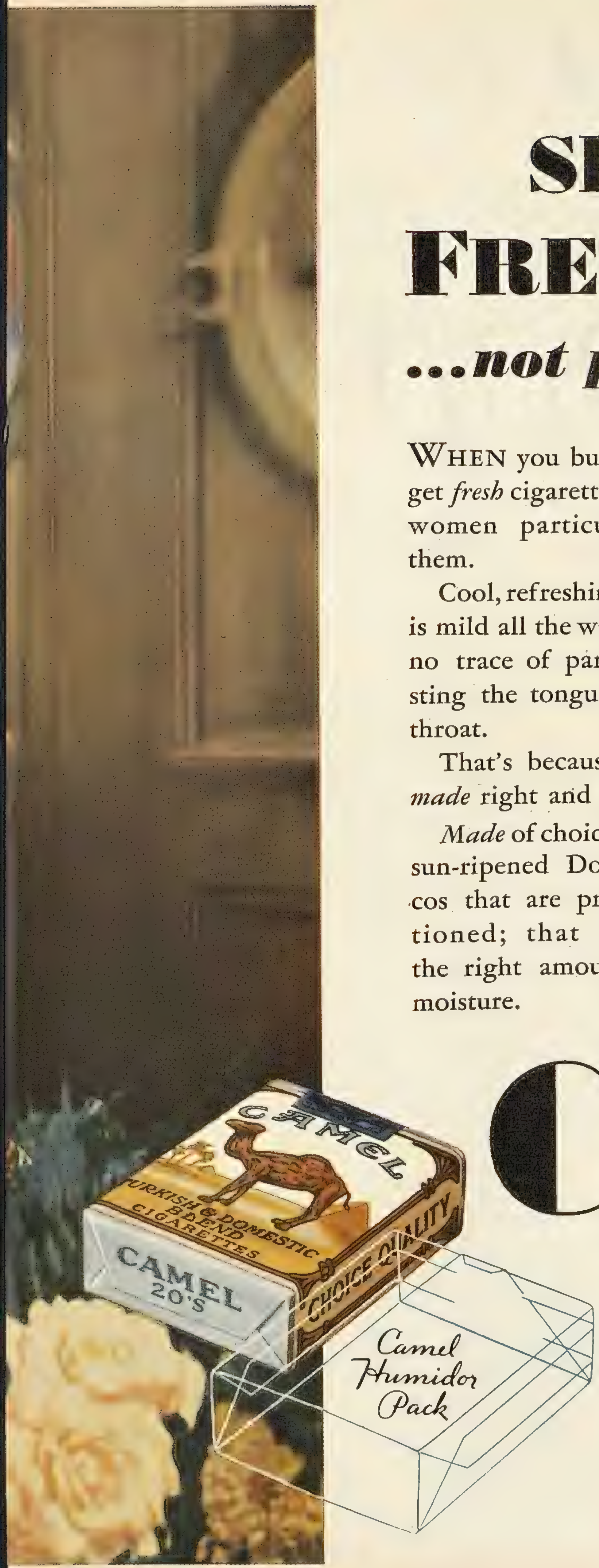

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If, then, you have manuscripts on hand that you honestly feel are worthy of appearing in Liberty, send them in as directed in the instructions on this page and they will receive immediate and special consideration by our reading staff. If you have the plot of a story in mind that you believe is up to the Liberty standard, write it and send it in before this offer expires and it may perhaps prove your starting point to fame and fortune.

Let us reiterate, however, that to be purchased under this offer your story must be of sufficient excellence to warrant its being published in Liberty. But send us in the right kind of story and it will be received with open arms, it will be bought at a price in proportion to its value to us including all serial rights, over two million people will read it, and the gateway to success will swing open before your eyes!

Under this offer the editors of Liberty will read stories for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and availability for publication in Liberty, and upon this basis will decide whether or not to purchase stories submitted.

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INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 2,500 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted in parts will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

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No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable **manuscripts** as soon as rejected if **accompanied** by proper postage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, May 12, 1932.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SELL YOUR FIRST STORY AND WIN EDITORIAL RECOGNITION!

What That Cat Was Curious About

THIS week Liberty "sweetens the kitty" for 232 Wise-Crack contestants who submitted prize-winning information on the events that led to the inquisitive feline's traditional demise. The question, in March 12 Liberty: "When curiosity killed the cat, what was it being curious about?" The winners:

$100 FIRST PRIZE

About once too often.

Frank T. McKnight, Richmond, Calif.

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"It."

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Kitty cat was walter-winchelling into the private life of Rin-Tin-Tin.

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ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21

1—Homesickness.
2—The raising of silkworms.
3—A belt or girth used on a horse.
4—The Rivals, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
5—Albert I.
6—Forty-eight.
7—An animal without teeth.
8—A college of higher education for the deaf, in Washington, D. C.
9—California.
10—Carbon.
11—The chief god in Norse mythology.
12—Joseph Jefferson.
13—The removal of the tonsils.
14—I have found it.
15—A kind of sick or nervous headache, usually confined to one side of the head.
16—Daniel Defoe.
17—The heart.
18—Zinc.
19—A small nut of the chestnut kind.
20—One.

Dill's Best
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DILL'S
SMOKING
J. G. DILL

Men who are most at home with a pipe are quickest to like Dill's and tell their world Dill's Best is America's Best.

The *Four Selves* of

An Intimate Character Analysis of the
Confidential Adviser's Book Became
Based on Official Records

COLONEL E.

By George Syl

Globe photo

Wilson as he looked while at the peak of the world prestige that was his during the earlier stage of the peace negotiations.

The late Sir William Orpen

(Reading time: 26 minutes 55 seconds.)

Part Ten—Conclusion

HOUSE, the man whom Woodrow Wilson called his other self, capers through the volumes of Ray Stannard Baker's official life of Wilson like a garrulous elderly errand boy for whom Wilson harbors an affection that is almost inexplicable. To Baker, House is merely a "political reporter and adjuster," carrying messages which he does not understand, dabbling with problems beyond his ken. He sees in House's letters and in his "eagerly written diary the assumption, naïve at times, of the magic of his influence with his great and good friend." Baker attempts to place the exchange of thoughts between the duumvirs on the same level with Wilson's correspondence with some of his women friends. To acknowledge the interdependence, the symbiotic relationship, between House and Wilson would be to detract from the Wilson myth. Hence the claims advanced on behalf of Colonel House are deftly touched with the brush of ridicule.

Woodrow Wilson's own letters to House prove beyond doubt that intellectually the two men were equal partners. No one who delves into Wilson's history can deny his genius. His name is written against the sky as lastingly as the stars. Controversy will wage over his dust for centuries to come. The Wilson myth may overshadow Lincoln and Washington. But the enigma of House will be entangled eternally with the enigma of Wilson.

To recognize the amazing spiritual coöperation between these men in no way diminishes the greatness of Woodrow Wilson. Potentially Wilson's energy was sufficient to move a world. Some biological accident, some psychic shock, cleft his soul asunder. Paralyzed by the war between the various personalities of his composite self, handicapped by innumerable inhibitions, he could not function fully without drawing upon the strength of others. Destiny, or chance, made House the most important of those upon whom this giant leaned. Wilson's time was out of joint. With House he could set it right. Without House he was impotent.

I find no fault with those who deify Wilson. Although he fascinates me as he fascinates them, it is obvious to me that, for all his might, he could not stand alone. I shall not impute feet of clay to their idol. I concede that

Woodrow Wilson

War-Time President and How His
the Backbone of His Régime,
and Conversations with

M. HOUSE

VESTER VIERECK

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with his portrait of Wilson.

the feet are living flesh. But they are not his own. Woodrow Wilson stalks through history on the feet of Edward Mandell House.

II

LOVE intoxicates the brain centers. It makes us blind to the faults of the beloved object. Friendship is clear-eyed. Neither Wilson nor House was blind to the faults of the other. The only intoxicant stimulating the brain centers of the duumvirs was their love of power. Love of power stabilized their friendship. Their complete interdependence made it almost unassailable from without.

Globe photo

Colonel E. M. House, the architect of much of Wilson's destiny.

The astonishing psychic messmateship between these two exceptional men would have outweathered disease and disillusionment, irritation and intrigue, except for the division in Wilson's own nature. A powerful component of Wilson's personality allied itself with the divers forces from without which, for reasons of their own, desired to terminate his alliance with House.

In Wilson, as in all of us, the instincts of a thousand ancestors stirred. But in most of us one personality completely subjugates the others. In Wilson's soul four dominant personalities strove for mastery. There was an intellectual self, an emotional self, a practical self, and a moral self, each dominating at times. The effort to maintain his psychic balance led to amazing inconsistencies of behavior and judgment.

Self number one—the intellectual self—detached, philosophical, academic, spoke with a British accent. Self number two—the emotional self—stubborn, passionate at times, vindictive, flowery in language, had an Irish brogue. Self number three—the practical self—had acquired, in some strange fashion, certain characteristics which Europe attributes to the Yankee. It was shrewd, humorous, inclined to be sharp in its dealings. It is the self of the "weasel words." It is the self that inspired Roosevelt's description of Wilson as a Byzantine logothete. Self number four—recognizable by its bur—was Scotch. It drew strength from all the ancestors of Woodrow Wilson who preached the word of a Scotch-Presbyterian God. Intractable, unflinching in its hard idealism, it was the strongest of all his selves.

THE perplexities of the psychologists are increased by the fact that every human being is fundamentally bisexed. Each of Wilson's selves had a masculine and a feminine phase. The masculine dominated. The feminine and masculine aspects of Woodrow Wilson's personality are startlingly revealed by the portraits of Sir William Orpen and John S. Sargent. Sargent, who hated Wilson, deliberately brought out all that was soft and feminine in his nature. Orpen, who painted him in Paris, brought out all that was masculine and robust.

Sargent painted Wilson in his most pacific mood. When Orpen painted him in Paris his mood was belligerent. Colonel House himself in his diary contrasts the two portraits:

"Went to see Sir William Orpen's portrait of the President. . . . I like the portrait, although it shows up some of the President's prominent features. . . . It is an entirely different-looking gentleman from Sargent's æsthetic scholar and has more of the 'rough-and-tumble' look. I have seen him look as Sargent sees him one time in twenty, but I have seen him nineteen times out of twenty as Orpen sees him. I think I never knew a man whose general appearance changed so much from hour to hour. . . ."

It was not his face alone that changed kaleidoscopically. "He [Wilson] is one of the most difficult and complex characters I have ever known. He is so contradictory that it is hard to pass judgment upon him. . . . When," Colonel House goes on to say, "one gets access to him, there is no more charming man in all the world."

While the four selves of Woodrow Wilson do not exhaust the gamut of his personality, they explain his contradictory character. Now battling for ascendancy, now allied with each other, they puzzled even Wilson's other self, Colonel House. House could play best upon Wilson's intellectual self. He harnessed the practical and the emotional self, but he could dominate Wilson only while the moral self, the self of the Covenanter, stepped in tune with the others. Occasionally Wilson's emotional self upsets the calculations of his other selves. Its mo-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE FOUR SELVES OF WOODROW WILSON
Continued from page thirty-nine

mentary ascendancy accounts for some impulsive actions. It was the emotional self, the self with the Irish accent, that engaged in intellectual flirtations.

Woodrow Wilson's friendship with Mrs. Hulbert Peck was a mildly platonic affection such as blossoms pallidly in the shadow of American universities. Like the friendship with House, it lasted for seven years. He took it from Princeton to the Governor's Mansion in Trenton, from Trenton to Washington. It was wrecked in the end by gossip.

The so-called Peck scandal furnished the zest for the whispering campaigns of two Presidential elections. Circumstantial stories of Wilson's susceptibility to feminine charm and of his relations with Mrs. Peck made the rounds. Wilson had written hundreds of letters to the charming divorcée. There were rumors that these letters had been bought for fabulous sums by friends of the President.

“ I know,” Colonel House remarked to me, when we were discussing the subject, “ that innumerable stories were invented to discredit Wilson. On one occasion a person very close to Wilson came to me and told me that Mrs. Peck was going to bring suit the following week before such and such a judge. I replied: ‘ Go and stay on the job, and let the suit come off on schedule, without the slightest attempt to hush up anything whatsoever.’ Needless to say, the case never came up. There was no such case. No one ever paid one cent for the Peck letters. Mrs. Peck never demanded and Woodrow Wilson never paid hush money or blackmail.

“ I never met Mrs. Hulbert [Peck] but once. I was not surprised to find her a woman of culture, beauty, and charm. Wilson never paid a cent of blackmail to anyone. His friendship with Mrs. Peck was purely intellectual. I have seen many of his letters to her and her letters to him. He corresponded with two or three other women. All these relations were singularly free from passion.”

Globe photo

President Wilson with Mrs. Galt, his fiancée, shortly before their marriage.

It seems that the Peck letters were finally acquired by the Wilson estate. At any rate, Mr. Baker, in his life of Woodrow Wilson, quotes freely from them to destroy the last lingering suspicions of scandal. The excerpts reveal Wilson in a gentle mood. They are bids for sympathy. Something of the same soft note creeps now and then into his letters to Colonel House.

III

IT was Wilson's intellectual and his moral self, aided by his emotional self, that wrote the Fourteen Points. It was his practical self that suffered the Allies to exploit his gospel as a *ruse de guerre*. His moral and intellectual self agreed with the English on the Panama tolls, but his practical self exacted a price for his conversion. The practical self planned the trick that forced Congress to reverse itself. Wilson's intellectual and moral self refused to surrender the principle of free seas; but his practical self slyly consented when the British silenced American protests by purchasing our cotton. It winked at the secret treaties. It proclaimed that the Peace Treaty of Versailles was in consonance with his pledges. His practical self persuaded him to accept Bryan by convincing him that in politics the end justifies the means. It is the practical self which is responsible for the charges of ingratitude made against him. But so strong was the moral note in him that he rarely took actions of this type without first persuading himself that his motive was highly moral. Wilson's moral self never gave up without a struggle. In the end it invariably prevailed.

The moral self asserted itself at times to the point of absurdity. Colonel House discovered among Woodrow Wilson's investments ten shares of U. S. Steel. Feeling that the administration might be compelled to attack the Steel Trust, House advised the President to sell them. Wilson refused. For at that time he had determined to take action against the company, which was likely to depress the market value of its securities. “ I have no right,” he said, “ to avail myself of my prior knowledge at the expense of the other stockholders.” It so happened that the contemplated action never eventuated. The gesture, nevertheless, was fine.

House sympathized with the first three of Wilson's selves, but philosophically he was at the opposite pole of Wilson's moral self. House, like Wilson, was a humanitarian. But the Colonel never imposed upon his soul the straitjacket of a creed. Wilson was a Presbyterian, House a pagan and a pantheist.

BOTH McAdoo and Josephus Daniels dwell on the almost primitive religious feeling of Woodrow Wilson. Once McAdoo told a harmless joke remotely involving the Deity. Wilson objected to it on the ground that it was irreverent. “ You cannot fight God! ” he once exclaimed. When Lodge “ cut out the heart of the Covenant,” House would have compromised. Wilson refused. When the American people, by an overwhelming vote, rejected the League of Nations and all its works, he said to McAdoo: “ I am not so sure that the delay is not for the best. The people should be unmistakably back of the government's action. After all, Providence knows more about these things than any of us.”

Wilson's moral self was his pacifist self. He resisted the suggestion of war even when his three other selves were united against his moral self. He finally yielded only when he was convinced that a war to end war was moral. When war became a moral duty, all his selves were united; and the intense energy of the combined selves of Woodrow Wilson almost terrified those who knew him.

Something in himself still could not forgive bloodshed. But he deflected this resentment from himself to the Germans.

Some remnant of it rankled in his heart against House and against himself. When events in Paris and at home made him realize that he had deceived himself, he suffered the agonies of the damned. Nothing could justify the slaughter which he had caused except the Covenant. If he brought peace to the world he could wash the bloodstains from his hands.

When House advised moderation and compromise, the fury of the President's disappointment, the resentment against himself and against war, became the ally of the duumvir's foes. No whisper, no intrigue, no reproach, justified or not, could touch House until the Scotch-Presbyterian supplanted the intellectual self. When the insinuations of others coincided with the voice of his own conscience, the break became inevitable. But the separation was not absolute. Deep in Wilson's heart there still remained an attachment for House. Fearing a return of the old dominance, he could not see him; he could not even, except in the most conventional tone, reply to his letters.

IV

WAS Colonel House the Svengali of the Wilson Administration, misusing the mysterious power which he wielded over Woodrow Wilson, or was he a constructive statesman who attempted, jointly with Wilson, to translate his progressive visions into realities?

There seems to be no doubt of the unselfishness of Colonel House. There are some, however, who maintain that he followed the whim of the moment without definite plan or policy. Some believe that he was unduly under the influence of his British friends. Still others hold that he told Wilson merely what he wished to be told. Baker insinuates somewhere that House never disagreed with Woodrow Wilson if he could help it. I have shown that this is a baseless accusation. House did not hesitate to irritate Wilson, to contradict him, and to clash with him on important matters. There were times when Wilson seemed to perform at his bidding, like Trilby for Svengali. There were other times when only his matchless tact prevented serious friction.

Beyond any doubt, he had definite policies of his own before he met Woodrow Wilson. His political fantasy, Philip Dru, Administrator, written before he met Woodrow Wilson and published in 1912, gives us an insight into his conception of government.

The significant part which the author was destined to play in fashioning the policies of the Wilson Administration endows this book with extraordinary importance. Out of this book have come the directives which revolutionized our lives and plunged us into the World War. Philip Dru was written hastily. House deprecates it as a literary achievement, but he admits that it formulates his ethical and political faith.

The book itself, Colonel House assures me, was never discussed between him and Wilson. But evidently silence implied consent. Although there is no evidence that Wilson ever read it, his ideas ran along parallel lines. Both Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, and William Jennings Bryan note the influence of Dru upon the administration. "All that book has said should be comes about," says Franklin K. Lane in one of his letters. "The President comes to Philip Dru in the end."

One of the institutions outlined in the book, though under another name, is the Federal Reserve System. In Philip Dru is found the genesis of the tariff and the Federal Trade Commission, also the roots of the quasi-dictatorship which Wilson assumed to make the world safe for democracy. House dedicates his opus "To the unhappy many who have lived and died lacking opportunity because in the starting the world-wide social structure was wrongly begun."

In Philip Dru, House foresees civil war in the first half of the century. "Wealth had grown so strong that the few were about to strangle the many, and among the great masses of the people there was sullen and rebellious discontent. The laborer in the cities, the producer on the farm, the merchant, the professional man, and all save organized capital and its satellites, saw a gloomy and hopeless future."

The Colonel's hero, Dru, a young West Point cadet graduating in 1920, predicts the advent of a new era. "Nowhere in the world," he exclaims, "is wealth more defiant and monopoly more insistent than in this mighty republic, and it is here that the next great battle for human emancipation will be fought and won. And from the blood and travail of an enlightened people there will be born a spirit of love and brotherhood which will transform the world; and the Star of Bethlehem, seen but darkly for two thousand years, will shine again with a steady and effulgent glow."

Philip Dru discusses these things with his sweetheart. The time is now measurably near, he insists, when it will be just as reprehensible for the mentally strong to hold in subjection the mentally weak, and to force them to bear the grievous burdens which a misconceived civilization

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOW YOU CAN LOSE FAT
a Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things —Inches of Fat Melt Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly ON A FULL STOMACH. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. WITHOUT A SINGLE HUNGRY MOMENT you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined ones of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half-hour before breakfast every morning.

Then do this about eating. FILL YOUR STOMACH —eat your fill of lean meats, vegetables like spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and lots of salads. Eat a lot. Eat all you can hold. Don't go hungry a minute! Cut down on fats, sweets and desserts, bread. Eat any fruit for dessert.

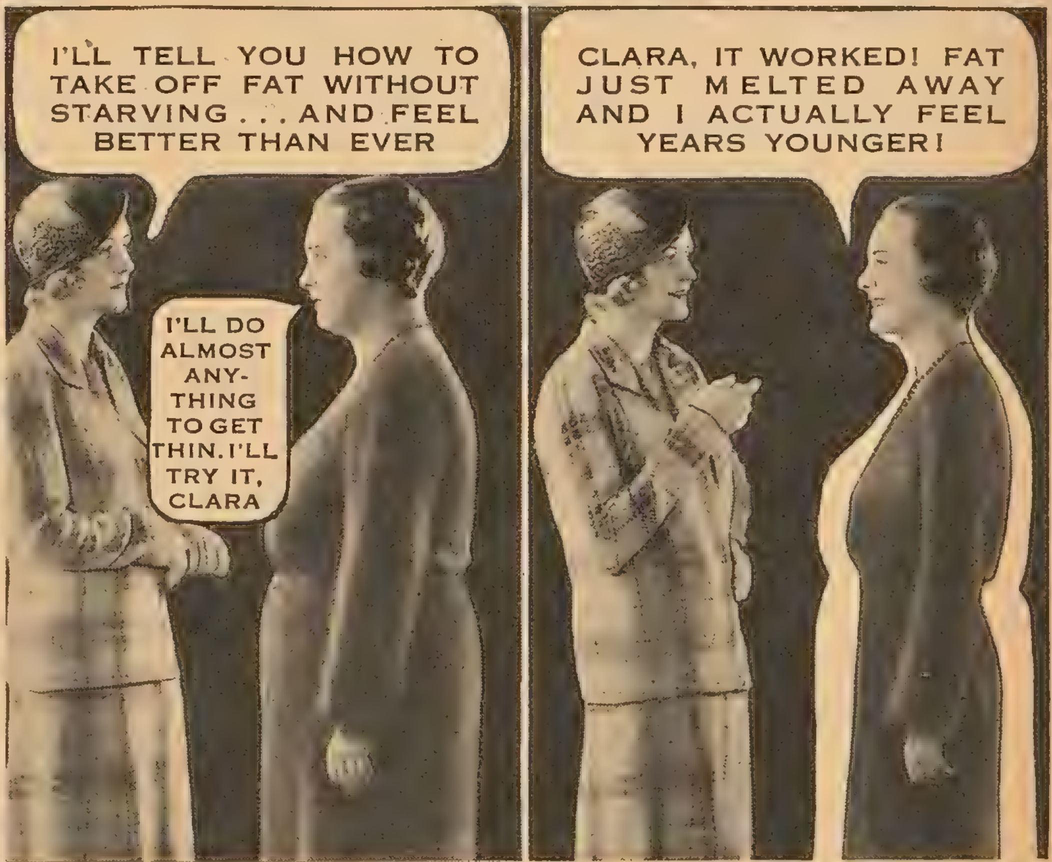
4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds the first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the MOISTURE-WEIGHT of your body that much. FOR REMEMBER, SOMETHING OVER 70% OF YOUR TOTAL WEIGHT IS MOISTURE. That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then EAT WELL of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all ON A FULL STOMACH. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clears the intestinal tract and system of the ex-


I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO TAKE OFF FAT WITHOUT STARVING . . . AND FEEL BETTER THAN EVER
I'LL DO ALMOST ANYTHING TO GET THIN. I'LL TRY IT, CLARA
CLARA, IT WORKED! FAT JUST MELTED AWAY AND I ACTUALLY FEEL YEARS YOUNGER!

FILLING OF THE STOMACH TO ITS LIMIT with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. The change in food

You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

Note particularly—you are urged to take Jad Salts purely as a poison-banishing agent —not a reducing. The change in food does

OUCH! EVERY TIME I SHAVE, MY FACE FEELS SORE AS A SPANKED BABY
TRY SOME LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM, BIG SHOT. IT TAKES ALL THE SCRAPE AND STING OUT OF SHAVING
BOY-O-BOY! NOW THE OLD RAZOR MOWS DOWN WHISKERS LIKE NOTHING AT ALL. NO MORE PAINFUL SHAVES FOR ME

Sink those whiskers in this extra-moist lather

. . . for the smoothest shave ever

If you want to enjoy the thrill of a lifetime try shaving with this new, rich, extra-moist lather. It soothes the skin—gives the smoothest, zippiest, best-feeling shave in the world.

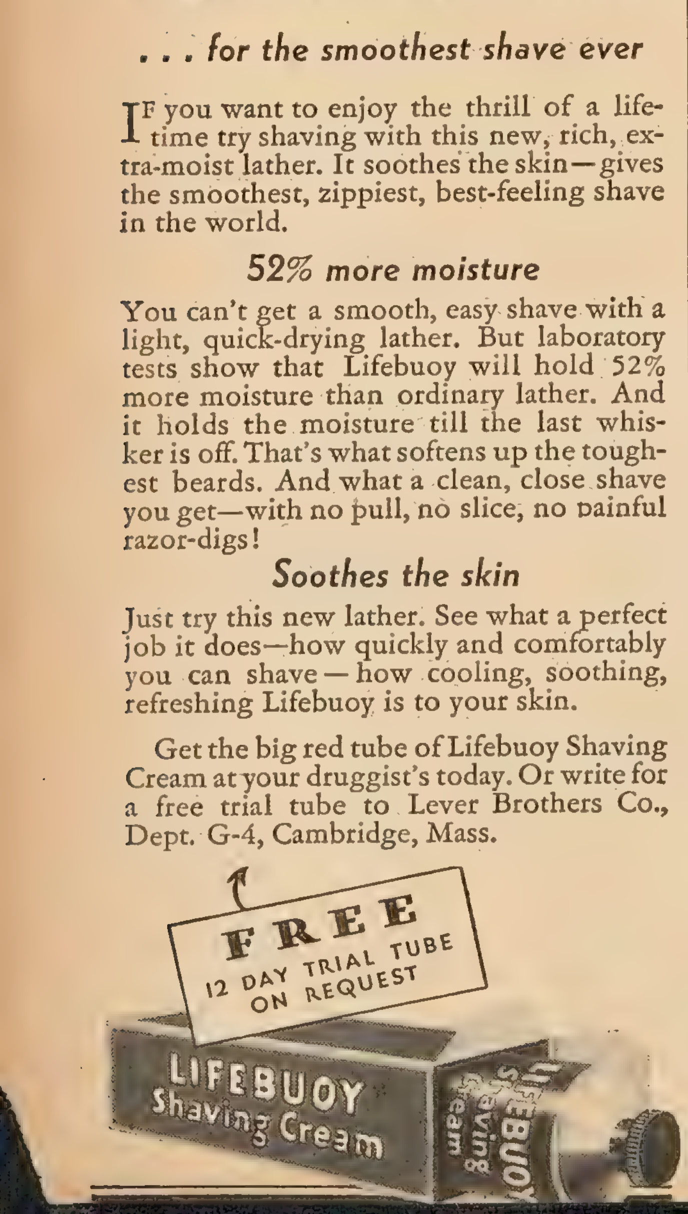
52% more moisture

You can't get a smooth, easy shave with a light, quick-drying lather. But laboratory tests show that Lifebuoy will hold 52% more moisture than ordinary lather. And it holds the moisture till the last whisker is off. That's what softens up the toughest beards. And what a clean, close shave you get—with no pull, no slice, no painful razor-digs!

Soothes the skin

Just try this new lather. See what a perfect job it does—how quickly and comfortably you can shave—how cooling, soothing, refreshing Lifebuoy is to your skin.

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. G-4, Cambridge, Mass.



THE FOUR SELVES OF WOODROW WILSON
Continued from page forty-one

has imposed upon them, as it is wrong for the physically strong to destroy the physically weak.

Government, according to Dru, must be inspired by the spirit of charity rather than the spirit of ruthless efficiency. Philip Dru maintains that the United States government is unresponsive to popular desires. It is a " negative government," for " it is at more pains to do nothing with safety than to attempt desirable reforms which might disturb vested interests and alienate voters." The theory of checks and balance reënforces the negative character of the government.

PHILIP DRU proposes to make government positive. His opportunity soon arrives. Disclosures of gigantic corruption lead to an armed revolt. Placing himself at the head of the army, Philip Dru seizes the government. He is not afraid to pay the price of reform in blood. Thousands perish in the battle between his followers and the defenders of organized privilege. But the victory is his.

Dispensing with both Houses of Congress, Philip Dru proclaims himself Administrator. As such he promulgates a number of measures to assure the ultimate triumph of democracy. He appoints a board composed of economists and others well versed in matters relating to the tariff and internal revenue, who are instructed to work out a tariff law which contemplates the abolition of the theory of protection as a governmental policy. He directs the tax board to work out a graduated income tax, and formulates a new banking law affording a flexible currency bottomed largely upon commercial assets, the real wealth of the nation, instead of upon debt as formerly. The primary object of his financial reform is to destroy the credit trust, the greatest, most far-reaching, and in every direction the most pernicious trust of all.

Dru compels corporations to give a voice on their board of directors and a share in their profits to labor and to government, and launches old-age pension and a labor-insurance law. Labor, he proclaims, is no longer to be classed as an inert commodity to be bought and sold by the law of supply and demand. He borrows certain ideas from Henry George, by taxing the unearned increment of idle land. He emancipates woman, stresses the importance of sex education, rewrites the Constitutions makes parliamentary government supreme, and robs the Supreme Court of the power to invalidate acts of Congress.

The House of Representatives elects an executive whose functions resemble those of a British Premier. The President is chosen by a majority vote of all electors for a single term of ten years and receives a pension after his retirement. His duties are entirely formal and ceremonial, corresponding to those of the King of England. State constitutions are similarly rewritten and uniform statutes governing such questions as divorce are adopted.

Philip Dru, by purchase and negotiation, acquires ample coaling stations along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the Bahamas, Bermuda, the British, French, and Danish West Indies. He places the entire continent, including Canada and Mexico, under the American flag. In the case of Mexico this is not accomplished without bloodshed. But again he does not shrink from war to achieve his goal. Philip Dru, though hating war, is not a pacifist. In this respect Dru and his creator differ from Woodrow Wilson. Dru creates a navy " second only to that of England." The two great English-speaking nations " hold in their keeping the peace and commercial freedom of the Seven Seas." He arranges an international coalition in which England and America join hands with Germany and Japan. Then, like his creator, Dru aspires to become a myth, and exiles himself with Gloria. " Where were they bound? Would they return? These were questions asked by all but to which none could give answer."

Philip Dru is the daydream of Colonel House. He sees himself in his hero. Philip Dru is what he himself would like to have been. Every act in his career, every letter, every word of advice that passed from him to Woodrow Wilson, was consistent with the ideas enunciated by Philip Dru.

V

THE psychology of Wilson and House presents a fascinating problem. One must constantly remember that one is dealing with extraordinary men, and one must constantly bear in mind that House was not an official but the friend, the personal friend, of a man wielding sovereign powers and responsible for fateful decisions. House never forgot this. Neither did Wilson.

The discussions between the two men were remarkable not only for what they said but for what they left unsaid. Silence on Wilson's part meant agreement. Silence on the part of House indicated dissent. When two men understand and trust each other, a tone, a look, or an omission may be eloquent. Practically all the time, by letter and in person, the resourceful House was presenting, sometimes pressing, plans, while Wilson was deciding or holding back. Often his holding back was amusing and touching: a tired and overburdened man knowing he must take on a hard task, but postponing, evading, all but dodging it; and House often too sympathetic to press further. Occasionally there was a little fencing between them. When Wilson did not wish to come to a decision he artfully evaded being alone with House. Then House, instinctively sensing what was going on, would discuss some philosophical abstraction or the immortality of the soul.

The surprising and delightful feature of their meetings was the time they gave to enjoying each other's society: reading, mostly poetry, discussing books, history, and great men, while urgent problems waited; and when, refreshed, these last were taken up, the rapidity, the almost appalling casualness, with which decisions were reached and frequently hammered out on the President's typewriter.

Wilson, like the first Napoleon, liked to surprise his friends. He never found Colonel House napping. There was always a comfortable chair or a couch and a pair of slippers ready for him at the Colonel's hearth. The Colonel disconnected the telephone, barred the door, and then the two men would talk. Sometimes the subjects of their confidences were secrets of state so profound that the President of the United States hesitated to intrust them to the United States mails! Sometimes, toward the end of the evening, Wilson, sipping his highball with relish, would abandon the problems of the nation and recite limericks, of which he knew an enormous number.

Often curt with others, Wilson was almost courtly with House. When, after his election, House wished to yield precedence to Wilson in entering a room, Wilson remarked somewhat testily: "The fact that I am President of the United States is no reason why I should not be a gentleman."

When the two met, Wilson invariably asked House: "What is your budget?" House, with equal courtesy, urged Wilson to unburden his mind first. Then each would consult his notes and they would discuss the momentous issues which faced the nation. In one such conversation, as we have seen, they remade the map of Europe.

For almost a year before they set eyes on each other House had been working quietly for Wilson. His original candidate for the Presidency had been William J. Gaynor, then Mayor of New York. But Gaynor's eccentricities induced House to strike his name from the list. Two editors, Edward S. Martin of Life and Walter H. Page of World's Work, were the living bridge between Wilson and House. The moment the Governor and the Colonel met, a kindling spark leaped from the one to the other.

"WHAT," I asked House, "cemented your friendship?"

"The identity of our temperaments and our public policies," House replied without hesitation. "Perhaps Wilson liked me because talking to me was like arguing with himself. It was my desire to see him President. He very much wanted to be President. There, from the first, was our common goal."

House selected Wilson because he regarded him as the best available candidate. "Why," I asked the Colonel, "did Wilson accept your judgment so unreservedly?"

"Because," Colonel House replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, "he realized that I had more experience than he in politics. Wilson was not lacking in caution. Before he tied up with me closely he made thorough inquiries as to my character, my affiliations, and my political experiences. In a sense, he knew more about me than I knew about him. I understood his type, perhaps, better than he understood mine. Our thoughts ran along the same channels; a common purpose united us."

"What was your purpose and his?"

"To translate into legislation certain liberal and progressive ideas. Texas, under Governor Hogg and Governor Culberson, was the pioneer progressive among the states. The progressive movement in the United States was fathered by Hogg, not by La Follette or Roosevelt. Many of the laws which we wrote on the statute books of Texas were subsequently adopted by the nation at large. The regulation of railroads, for instance, was first attempted in our state. I wanted to carry the Texas idea into national politics.

"POLITICS was always my passion. In school and college I studied most subjects solely to pass my examinations. They did not interest me deeply. Public affairs held my attention. I knew every congressman, every senator by name. As a young man I had much more respect for them than now and overestimated their importance. I understood the machinery of Congress. Even in Grant's day I had access to the White House. I spent hours listening to debates in the two Houses of Congress. My political activities were confined to Texas as long as Mr. Bryan dominated the national politics of the Democrats. I could not swallow 'free silver.' I told my associates that the nation would never accept it. Wilson, as you know, held the same opinion. He voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896."

"Did you find it difficult to get along with Wilson?"

"No. We found it very agreeable to work together."

"Wasn't Wilson intolerant of contradiction?"

"Wilson was intolerant only of fools. He did not want anyone to tell him what he already knew. If somebody agreed with him, he did not want the other fellow to point out to him laboriously by what steps he had reached his conclusions. If he agreed with me, as he most often did, he would immediately start another subject. If he did not agree he would patiently listen to every argument.

"Bryan irritated Wilson because he insisted on telling him, in every detail, why he agreed with him. Wilson did not care for such details. His mind worked so quickly that he had already digested the other man's argument before it was started. He saw no necessity for restating the obvious. He regarded that as an intellectual insult. I remember his once saying to me: 'That amiable ass Mr.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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STADIUM PAJAMAS

THE FOUR SELVES OF WOODROW WILSON

Continued from page forty-three

Blank called on me this morning and insulted me without knowing it.' "

"You are said to have a genius for friendship," I remarked. "Did that genius ever flower as perfectly before as it did in your relations with Wilson?"

"I had several similar political friendships. Perhaps the most intimate of these was with Governor Culberson. Innumerable letters and notes from him bear eloquent testimony to the kinship of our minds. I frequently went to his office and stayed there all day. After being Attorney-General and Governor of Texas, Culberson represented his state in the Senate for twenty years. We never ceased to be friends, although in one case I thwarted his wishes."

"Did Woodrow Wilson have a genius for friendship like yourself? It is frequently pointed out that his career is strewn with wrecked friendships. Consider Harvey, McCombs, Tumulty, and yourself."

"Wilson," House remarked thoughtfully, "loved humanity, but he did not like people. His intimacies were few. But it is not true that all his friendships were broken. His friendship with the two Joneses in Chicago and with Cleveland Dodge lasted for many years. He never had a real break with Tumulty or with me. I am confident that if his health had not failed he and I would never have drifted apart."

"Why did you never accept office?"

House smiled.

"Because I prefer the intellectual pleasure without the responsibility. I never liked the idea of traveling from place to place shaking hands with the electorate. There was, perhaps," he added seriously, "a time when I would have liked to be Governor of Texas. But before that time came I had already tasted the fruit of office by proxy. Moreover, I did not wish to compete with friends for public honors."

"Would the Presidency have appealed to you?"

"If someone had offered me the Presidency on a silver charger like the head of John the Baptist, probably I would have accepted the gift. But I was too well aware of the realities of politics to indulge in such speculations. I knew that no one could be President who had not gone the route of office. I would have had to be governor or senator first. That did not appeal to me. I do not like to make speeches. I abhor routine. I prefer the vicarious thrill which comes to me through others."

"Didn't most constructive ideas in your relations with Wilson emanate from you?" I interjected. "It seems to me that Wilson had the vocabulary and you had the ideas."

Bradley photo
Mrs. Mary Allen Hulbert (Peck).

"THAT is hardly fair to either of us," House countered. "We supplemented each other. I could not have done what he did, and he could not have essayed some of the things that I did. Men of quality like Wilson know their limitations. It betokens genius in a statesman if he is able to get from others something he lacks himself."

"A distinguished British historian says that Wilson was the pupil and you were the teacher, especially in foreign affairs."

"It is not important," House replied calmly, "to determine who was the master and who was the pupil. The fact is that two minds attempted to collaborate. History alone can declare to what extent the experiment was successful. It may decide that the League of Nations, however imperfect, marks a new milestone in the history of the human race. The Fourteen Points may not have been successfully translated into the Peace Treaties. But mankind can never forget the message of Woodrow Wilson.

"Ideas, like wine, need time to ferment. The turmoil with which the world is seething denotes the birth pangs of a new epoch."

THE END

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She Knew the Answer

George was trying to explain the meaning of "careless" to his little sister, age three.

After trying in vain to make his idea clear he finally said, "If you were to run into the street before an automobile, what would you be?"

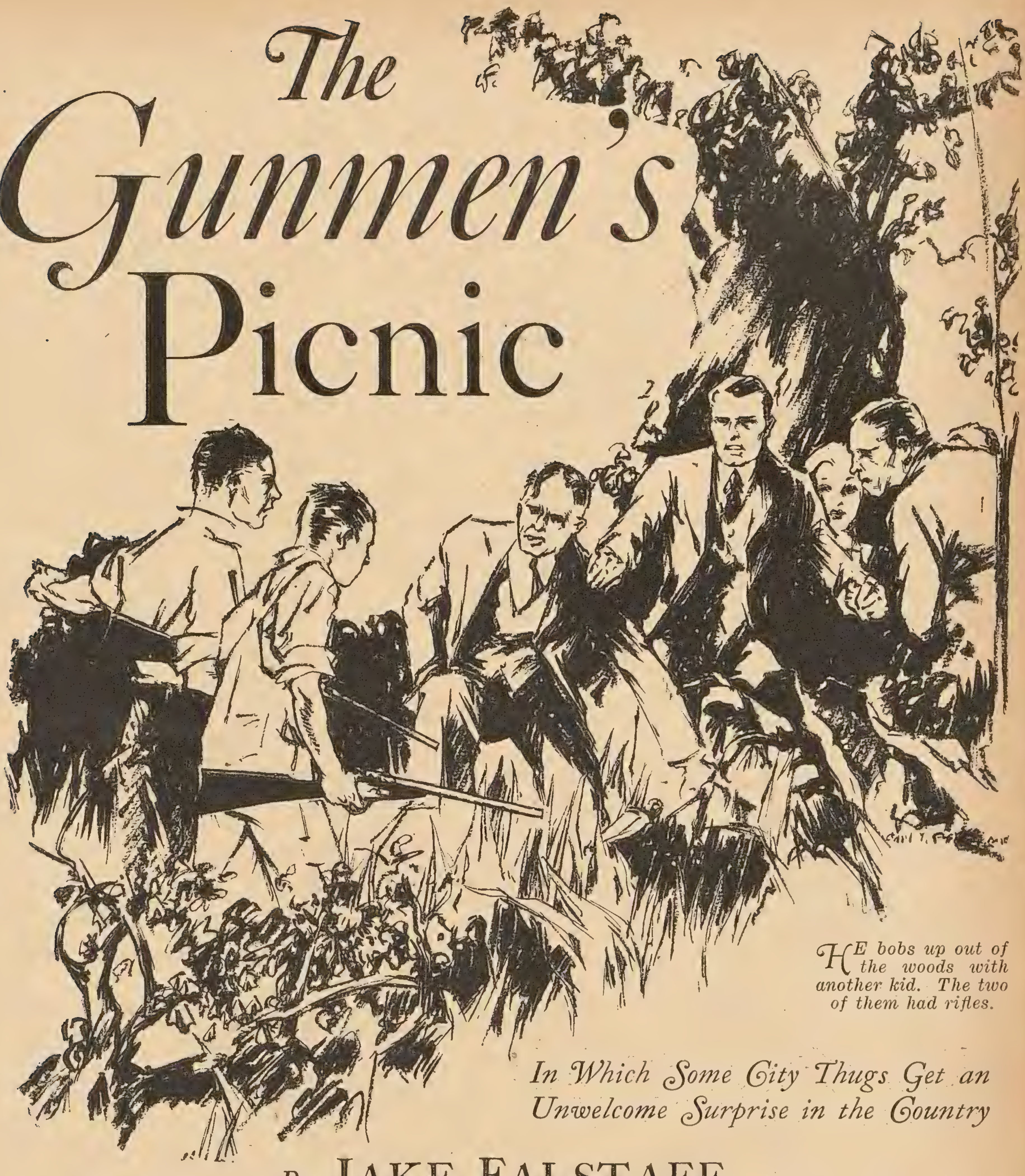
She replied, "I'd be killed."—Jean Arline Ward, 204 Nevada St., Northfield, Minn.

He Didn't Want Much

Sonny strutted about with a smug, self-satisfied air, telling everyone he wanted just one thing for his birthday. Just one present and they need not bother further about him.

Finally he was asked what this one thing was that he wanted, and replied: "Just a wand like the fairies have, that's all!"—Mrs. John Sahlberg, Osage City, Kan.

The Gunmen's Picnic



HE bobs up out of the woods with another kid. The two of them had rifles.

In Which Some City Thugs Get an Unwelcome Surprise in the Country

By JAKE FALSTAFF

Pictures by CARL PFEUFER

(Reading time: 10 minutes 10 seconds.)

"WHAT you need," said Jerry the Driver, "is a little rest in the country."

A look of pain, anger, and loathing spread out over the face of Stiffleg.

"What you need," he told Jerry, "is a little poke in the puss so maybe you'd get some sense."

Jerry looked at the rest of us and pulled up his shoulders. "What did I do to him now?" he asked.

We didn't know. We were sitting around in Stiffleg's apartment, waiting for the Big Shot. Stiffleg wasn't feeling good. He was sour on the world and letting the world in on it. That was what led up to Jerry's remark.

"This-and-that with the country," Stiffleg went on. "I'm staying near the stem, where I'm safe. The country is too tough for me."

"The country," Joe Gilluppy said, "is too tough for that!" He jerked his thumb at Stiffleg.

"Plenty too tough," Stiffleg informed him. "Plenty. And it's too tough for you, in case you ever get any ideas." He grabbed his stiff leg and threw it up on the coffee table. "Do you think I was born with that?" he asked. . . .

I was carrying iron for the big squeeze of the toughest little suburb in Ohio [Stiffleg said] when I found out how

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

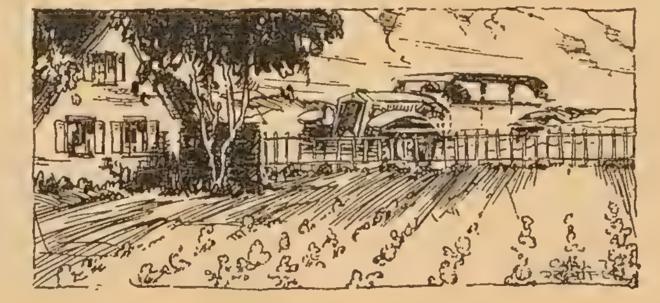
THE GUNMEN'S PICNIC
Continued from page forty-five

tough they are in the country. The name of this suburb was Liberty Heights, and it was the only place I ever saw that was as tough as it looked.

The boss of that pretty little development was a fellow they called King Willie.

He was from somewhere in the mountains near Greece or Turkey, and he bragged that all his ancestors were stick-up men in the old country. I was working for him, carrying iron.

The King Willie had a big blonde honey. Her name was Matilda. She was the one that talked Willie into a little picnic party in the country and got me this bum leg.



We started out one dandy morning about the time honest people go to bed—her and Willie and me and a girl friend of hers and a gorilla named Mike Bozitch that they called the Dentist because he had a mouthful of more gold than there is on the mayor's watch. The Dentist was lugging a rod for Willie the same as I.

Everything goes along okay. We're breezing along the paved roads in the King's biggest limousine, with a gold-painted clothes basket full of chicken sandwiches from the boss' road house and enough Scotch and champagne to buy a state legislature.

It's all pretty. The sun is shining and the birds are singing and the dew all spread out over everything. The King, sitting in back with the two blondes, is joining them in singing a few popular ditties of a sentimental nature.

After about six miles of that they pick out a nice meadow, right next to some woods, for us to do our frolicking.

The first thing that happens is when we get out of the automobile a big black shepherd dog with yellow eyebrows comes tearing up at us and scares the girls and King into fits.

The King snaps his gat out of the side pocket and puts seven in the dog. Then he kicks what's left around a while and we proceed on to find a mossy, bosky nook.

We'd been there about an hour, eating sandwiches and swilling hooch, when a young kid in sky-blue overalls—I'd say he was about fourteen—comes along and walks right up to us like he don't care who we are.

" This place is posted," he says.

The Dentist gets to his feet and walks over and puts his face into the kid's.

" What about it? " he snarls, laying one corner of his mouth about even with his hip. I never could see those birds that have to twist their mouths to look tough.

" I'm telling you," the kid says, not moving back any, " so you can get off. We don't like to have people arrested if they didn't know they were trespassing."

" Well, we know it now, and we're staying," the Dentist gives him. " So scram. Come on. Get going."

The kid gives him a look that's full of first-class hate and says, " You can't scare me and you can't order me around. You ain't my boss."

THEY look each other in and out a while. The kid don't put his eyes down a nickel's worth. Finally he just says, " Well, I told you," and walks on.

" You're hell on scaring kids," the King tells Bozitch. " It looks to me like maybe I'd better hire the kid and let you stay here to milk the cows."

The big bohunk growls around and takes out his peeve on a sandwich.

It ain't ten minutes until the kid is back. He's got his face all squeezed up like he's ready to cry, but he ain't crying.

He walks right up to me—I'm melding up a cocktail—and says, " Who killed Grover? "

" You're all wrong in your history, my boy," I gives him. " It wasn't Grover that got killed. It was Abe and Jim and William."

" Who killed my dog? " he asks.

" Not I, my boy," I says.

He turned to the King. " Did you kill my dog? " he puts.

The King shakes his head with that innocent look on his face. " Why, no," he said. " Is your dog dead? "

The Dentist comes up off the grass.

" I killed the scroot," he growls. " What about it? "

The kid smacks him square in the mouth.

Now up to that time I'd say the kid was game but I wouldn't say he was tough. He didn't know who he was talking to and he didn't know who he was hitting.

The Dentist grabbed for his gat.

" Huh-uh," the King says, quick as he can. " No shooting. Take the little sap and throw him over the fence."

The Dentist slaps the kid around some—and I don't mean he isn't taking a few now and then himself—and then grabs him around the arms and carries him across the creek and throws him over the fence.

The kid bounces up and comes over the fence for some more.

I didn't watch what the bohunk did to him. It wasn't pretty. He didn't shoot—he knew enough to keep his hand off the rod when the King said not—but he must have mauled the kid plenty.

He finally leaves the kid lying on the bank of the creek and comes back to have another sandwich. When we look again, the kid is gone.

He ain't gone long. He bobs up out of the woods behind us with another kid that must have been his brother, about sixteen years old. The two of them had rifles—twenty-two single-shot.

I REACHED for iron and so did the Dentist and the King. We covered them.

The King did the talking.

" Now you young fellows scram," he tells them.

" You get off our place," the older brother says.

The King lets loose a line of talk that would curl up your hair.

" Anybody that would talk that way in front of a lady is a coward," the older brother remarks.

" That's all the talk we need out of you," the King says. " You two put your hands over your heads and take your popguns and march."

Neither of the kids budges.

The Dentist starts getting nervous and the King says out of the side of his mouth, " I'll do the shooting." He laid a half dozen bullets close to the boys and says, " I was missing on purpose. Now will you go? "

The kids turn around and walk off, but they don't put their hands over their heads.

" Come on," says Matilda. " Let's go."

The King and the Dentist vetoed that.

As far as I'm concerned, I'm willing to leave. But the King says, " They've had their scare. They won't be back."

" Not till they get the whole township police force," Matilda says.

" Townships," says the King, " don't have police forces, and I know the sheriff of this county."

So we sit down again, and the King is getting ready to sing us a few more songs, just as a personal favor, when things start happening.

The Dentist is reaching for another bottle when there's a little pop over in the woods and he yanks back his hand and starts yipping.

All they did was shoot him right through the middle of the right mitt. That's all.

The King and I pour lead into the woods. Maybe we hit some trees. That's all there is to see, anyhow.

" Go in and get them," the King says, meaning me. I don't go very far. I take about two steps and get one right smack on the kneecap.

If you never took one there, you don't know anything about it. It makes you sick. I just fell down and wished I could pass out. I guess I did some howling.

" Pick him up and beat for the car," the King says.

The Dentist has a different program. He gets to his rod with his left and empties it at the woods. Then he throws the rod at the trees. And then he shakes his good fist at them. That's when he got another twenty-two through the other hand. And that's when the King shot him through the back of the head for not minding orders.

I was sick. Was I sick! I couldn't have lifted my finger. I could see—not the way you usually see, but like in a sick dream.

I saw the two blondes hiking for the car. The King left me where I was and followed them. They had quite a start on him. They were over the hill and out of sight before he got to the hill.

And before he got where I couldn't see him, the blondes came tearing back, yelling like all hell.

That Matilda was yelling, "Daddy, daddy!"

The King stopped. You could see he couldn't figure what was up. Then it must have come to him.

He turned and started running the other way.

I don't know what tripped him. Anyhow, he fell down, and I saw the other blonde keep right on running and that Matilda throw herself down on the King, grabbing him like she was drowning. Then he started yelling too.

What it was was hornets.

Those kids had put a hornets' nest in the automobile.

WELL, I can make the rest of it pretty short. About twenty farmers carrying shotguns and muzzle-loading muskets and twenty-two-caliber rifles and old-fashioned revolvers showed up about two minutes later. They wrapped the King up in rope. He was dead to the world, and so was Matilda.

Their faces looked like a palooka's ear.

They fished the other blonde out of the creek. She wasn't stung up quite so bad. They picked me up and took my shoots-guns away from me. That was okay by me. I didn't need them any more.

KNOWING the sheriff didn't help the King a nickel's worth. There was a committee of farmers that went around with him just to make sure nobody got any breaks. The best lawyers in Ohio tried to keep farmers off the jury that tried the King for killing the Dentist, but the King got the chair.

I beat the rap on the kids' testimony. They swore I hadn't shot the Dentist and the youngest one told the jury I looked the other way when the bohunk beat him up.

After the trial I talked to the two boys.

"I didn't see you in that crowd when they rounded us up," I told the young one. "What was the matter? I didn't think you were beat up bad enough to miss the fun."

The young kid blushed and looked silly.

His brother winked at me and said, "It was on account of the ladies."

"Shut up," the younger brother tells him.

But he keeps on telling. "All that was the matter with him," he says, "was that he tore the seat out of his pants coming through the fence and he was ashamed to let the women see him."

THE END

DETECTOGRAMS

By H. A. Ripley

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the department of criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems, taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer to each.

No. 7—Shadowed

"COME in, Hayden," said Professor Stiggins. "We've finally located Jim Wilson. He's living at the Sterling, that dump down near the river. Know where it is?"

"Sure," replied Hayden. "I know it; but you can't expect any coöperation from the guy that runs the joint—I know that."

"Don't let that bother you," continued the professor. "Wilson's up against it, and he's got to get in touch with his brother Bill. We know Bill's in town, but haven't found him yet. Now, I want you to tail Jim everywhere he goes. Adams will relieve you. When he leaves the hotel, don't let him out of your sight—day or night. Eventually he'll lead you to his brother. Both you and Adams know Bill, and as the Sterling has only one entrance you shouldn't have much trouble."

"Right, sir; he won't give us the slip," said Hayden confidently as he left the office.

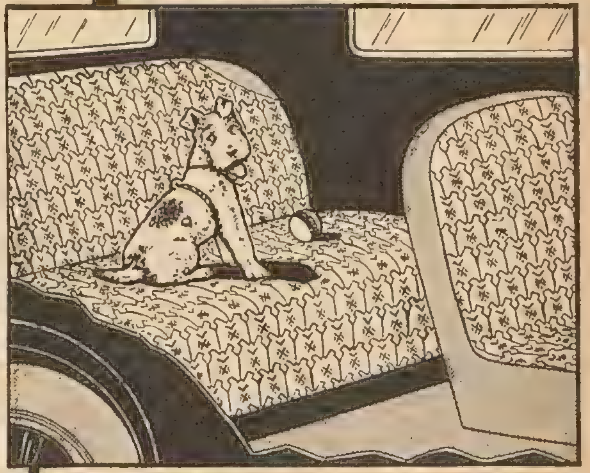
He was the best shadow in the department, and Adams, his relief, was almost as good.

Bill Wilson, learning his brother was staying at the Sterling and was under constant surveillance once he left the hotel, resorted to a simple ruse that enabled him to see his brother Jim at the hotel unmolested.

WHAT RUSE DID BILL USE TO SEE HIS BROTHER?

The solution will be found on page 65.

Protect Auto Cushions



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Hollywood

A Radio Picture; a Favorite; Memories of and a

By FREDERICK

Three charmers—and all in one picture! Anita Page, Madge Evans, and Joan Marsh in Are You Listening?

Peggy Shannon and Theodore von Eltz head the cast in Hotel Continental.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE next trend in movieland will be political stories, which is appropriate enough for a big year in politics. A dozen or so political yarns, running all the way to The Washington Merry-Go-Round, are announced for production.

With censor boards deleting scenes of speakeasies and gangsters from current films on the claim that they are not true to American life, I wonder what will happen to any sort of vigorous yarn of politics. But I can guess what Hollywood may do with The Washington Merry-Go-Round.

I suspect that it will turn out to be another version of movieland's favorite 1932 plot: the innocent young thing who marries her heart's desire, only to discover that he is a gambler, crooner, or racketeer. She leaves him in indignation, but is reunited when the stork comes.

Just make the girl a government department worker and Dunning-process the Washington Monument behind the big scene.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ARE YOU LISTENING?

CAST

Bill Grimes	William Haines
Laura	Madge Evans
Sally	Anita Page
Honey	Joan Marsh
Alice Grimes	Karen Morley
George Wagner	Jean Hersholt
Clayton	Neil Hamilton
Larry	Wallace Ford
Russell	John Miljan
Carson	Murray Kinnell
Mrs. Peters	Ethel Griffies

Directed by Harry Beaumont.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

J. P. McEvoy, creator of Show Girl, wrote this comedy-melodrama of mad life in the studios of radioland.

It traces the career of one of the builders of programs designed to make the great American public soap, cigarette, and tooth-paste conscious. Hog-wash is what Bill Grimes himself calls his work, and he lives an unhappy life, torn between love for a pretty radio coworker and the nagging of a mean and merciless wife.

The wife is killed accidentally in a domestic argument, and Grimes, in a panic, tries to run away with the girl he loves. Radio is pressed into service and Grimes and the girl are caught fleeing the law.

I like best that portion of Are You Listening? that treats amusingly of radio modes and manners, of crooners, ether sketches, animal impersonators, and the general tribulations of those who ride the air waves. When the film goes melodramatic my interest wanes, despite the surprisingly effective serious acting of William Haines as the man made and hunted by radio and the sympathetic work of Madge Evans as his loving companion in flight.

★ ★ ★ SO BIG

CAST

Selina Peake	Barbara Stanwyck
Selina (as a child)	Dawn O'Day
Simeon Peake	Robert Warwick
Pervus Dejong	Earle Foxe
Klaas Pool	Alan Hale
Maartje	Dorothy Peterson
Roelf (at fourteen)	Dick Winslow
Roelf (grown up)	George Brent
Dirk (as a child)	Dickie Moore
Dirk (grown up)	Hardie Albright
Dallas O'Mara	Bette Davis
August Hemple	Guy Kibbee
Jan Steen	Arthur Stone
Jacob	Olin Howland
Adam Ooms	Harry Beresford
Paula	Rita Le Roy

Directed by William A. Wellman.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Made into a silent film, this novel of Edna Ferber's provided Colleen Moore with her best screen rôle. This time Barbara Stanwyck has the all-embracing rôle of Selina Peake, daughter of a murdered Chicago gambler who marries a Dutch farmer.

She sees beauty in things of the soil and her simple philosophy carries her through tragedy and drudgery to an austere success. Her sorrow is the failure of her son—who remains eternally So Big to her—to live up to her ideals of life and beauty. She wants him to be an architect; he seeks an easier path to money.

Turns *to* Politics

New Version of an Old
the Old Waldorf;
Comedy

JAMES SMITH

So Big, now back in sound, has Barbara Stanwyck as Selina Peake, with Earle Foxe as Pervus Dejong.

George Sidney and Charlie Murray, a funny pair with the Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood.

Under William Wellman's direction, the panorama of Selina Peake's life moves turgidly. Such a sweeping dramatic story should reach more compelling heights. Yet, thanks to Miss Stanwyck's sincerity, the drama has its moving moments.

There are some excellent performances: Robert Warwick's gallant gambler, little Dawn O'Day as the childish Selina, and young Dick Winslow's playing of the Dutch farm boy, Roelf.

★ ★ HOTEL CONTINENTAL

CAST

Ruth	Peggy Shannon
Bennett	Theodore von Eltz
Mr. Underwood	Alan Mowbray
Martin	J. Farrell MacDonald
Tierney	Rockcliffe Fellows
Mrs. Underwood	Ethel Clayton
Winthrop	Henry B. Walthall

Directed by Christy Cabanne.
Produced by Tiffany.

A novel idea is here. Despite its title, this story was suggested more by the passing of the old Waldorf-Astoria than by the success of the play Grand Hotel.

On the closing night of a great hostelry about to be turned over to

of former guests with happy memories of other days. One is a man just released after a prison term of three years. He had hidden his loot—$100,000—in one of the rooms. Too, come gangsters and police bent upon capturing the ill-gotten prize.

Thus, while misty memories dance for the last time in the grand ballroom, sinister memories stalk through the rooms above.

Unfortunately the production, the acting, and the direction fall short of realizing the possibilities of the plot.

Henry Walthall does a vivid bit of a down-and-outer drawn back to the scenes of his spendthrift youth.

(No stars) COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD

CAST

Moe Cohen	George Sidney
Michael Kelly	Charlie Murray
Kitty Kelly	June Clyde
Maurice Cohen	Norman Foster
Mrs. Cohen	Emma Dunn
Mrs. Kelly	Esther Howard
Solarsky	Luis Alberni
Chauncey Chadwick	Edwin Maxwell
Mrs. Maxwell	Dorothy Christy

Directed by John Francis Dillon.
Produced by Universal.

Further adventures of those bicker-

Kelly. The Kellys migrate to Hollywood, where daughter Kitty becomes a star of the silent films. The Cohens follow to seek their fortunes, but find that the Kellys have gone Hollywood, affecting a Beverly Hills bathing pool, a butler, and a lorgnette.

George Sidney and Charlie Murray fight and embrace at alternate moments through the dull proceedings. The best work is that of Luis Alberni.

Do you know that—

As A. K., Kansas City, writes to remind me, One Hour with You is a musical version of Ernst Lubitsch's earlier silent hit, The Marriage Circle? . . . Lubitsch has been re-signed by Paramount and will direct Miriam Hopkins in her first starring vehicle?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ.

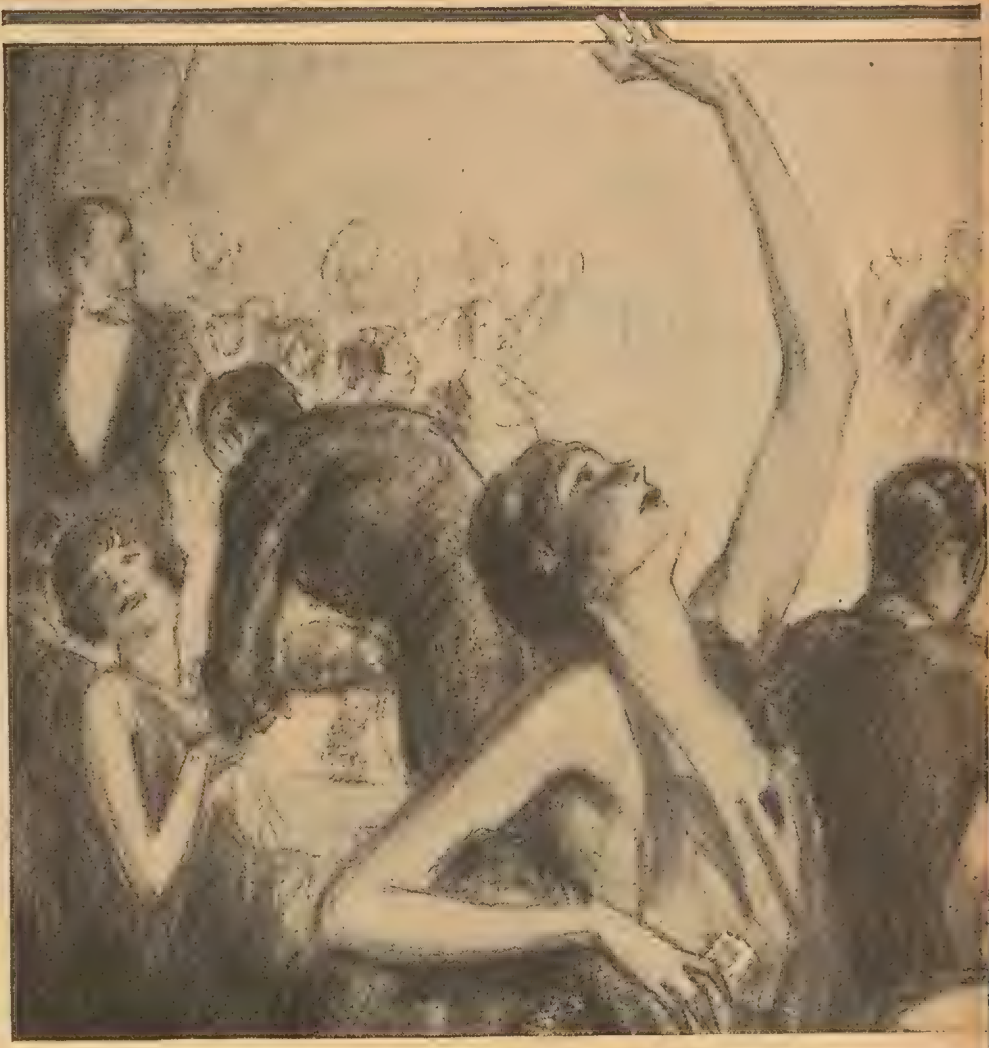
★★★—The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford,

How to Keep Your *out of* My Night

Give Him a Great Big Hand
and a Good Time,
Says

TEXAS GUINAN

(Reading time: 6 minutes 2 seconds.)



They always insist on a ringside seat,

SOMETIMES when I'm standing out in the middle of the floor of my night club, kidding the customers, asking them to give my girls a great big hand, I get to thinking about their wives.

I wonder what in the name of Garbo all those wives are doing while their husbands are at my club. That guy over there with the yellow tie, why, he's as happy as a gangster with an alibi. How did he get to my club? I'll tell you. He called the little woman on the phone and said, " Darling, D. J. Whoosis, my biggest account, has called a private meeting at his office. I hate like the devil to go, but there's no way out."

Now I don't for the split second on a stop watch imagine that that wife believed her little Homer. She knew it was a lot of first-class bologny and not sliced very thin, either. No, sir. The wife isn't fooled, and the husband shouldn't fool himself that she's fooled.

Now maybe I'm a sucker, but I'm going to tell you girls how to keep your husbands out of my night club and out of all the other night clubs in New York and points west.

Let's start with Homer's tie. I can spot a married man the minute he comes into the club by the spots on his tie. I mean the ones in the pattern. His wife picked it out. Married men tip the hat-check girl better than the single boys do. The guys who have been led to the halter want to see a woman smile when they shell out a little dough. At home all the poor boys get is a lot of complaining because the five-dollar bill they give the wife isn't a ten.

They always insist on a ringside seat, and you should see the pleasure they get when a bunch of pretty, young, cute girls are put there just to make them have a good time. But I don't want to be too hard on you girls. I know those same men who are laughing and having a swell time are grouchy as the defeated Presidential candidate after Election Day when they're at home. But maybe that's your fault, too.

Well, let's look it squarely in the face and see what they get at my place that they don't get at yours.

Well, to begin with, my clubs are always attractive. They're colorful and gay and informal-looking. At my club your husband can throw cigarette ashes on the floor and put his feet on the table if he wants to. Bet you're always nagging him about his nasty cigars smelling up the house. Let him spill ashes, let him smoke like a forest fire. Wouldn't you rather do an hour's extra work than make your face wrinkled with worry while he's at

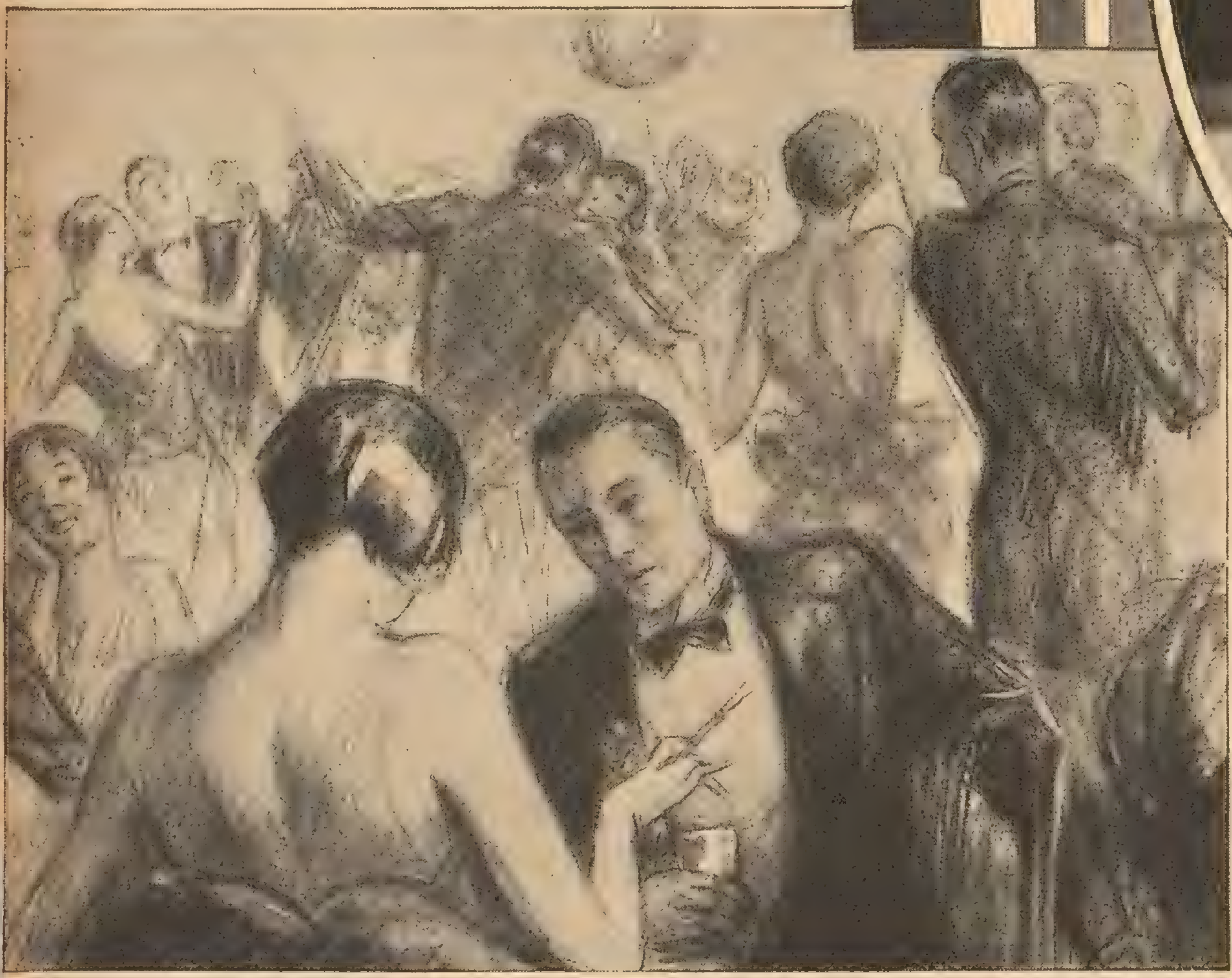
What else makes him prefer my place to yours? It's partly a feeling of good-fellowship. I never complain about the friends he brings to my diggings. But you—you know darn' well that when he brings home an unexpected guest you make him feel as if he'd brought a piccolo player into the house. Your face looks about as pleasant as Hoover's meeting the unemployment committee. And Homer knows that when his friend leaves he'll get, " Homer Brown, how could you bring that great, big, dull hulk home to dinner without telling me a word."

Now with me it's different. I see your husband coming in with an old college friend, and I say, " Hello, sucker! Come right in. Tickled to death to see you."

" Sure," says you, " you like a lot of people because it means more dough to you." But it would mean more money for you! This is the way I figure it: You'll save your husband's money—which is your money, too—when he feels free to take the friend to your place instead of spending all his cash at mine.

What's the main reason your husband comes to my club? He likes to see all my pretty girls. And the funny part about it is that men are pretty monogamous animals when given the chance. I've noticed invariably that they'll pick out just one of my kids and pay especial interest to that one. She's usually a slim little thing with nice hair and a good complexion. And she's got to do all her salesmanship while she's out there dancing. You've got [illegible] chance than she has

Husband Club



and you should see the pleasure they get.

Keystone photo

The author, who has achieved world-wide fame as a night-club hostess and for her famous slogan: "Hello, sucker!"

But why does he like that girl? Because she has all the things that you haven't. Oh, you used to have them when poor Homer married you. You were slim then, remember, and you always were dressed up when he came to call.

Get yourself all prettied up and then buy a couple of new dresses. Homer will raise Cain, won't he? But let him; it won't last long when he sees you in that outfit and when you smile at him as my girls smile. Use the money he spends at my club to keep him at home. And smile when he comes home at night, too.

Now give him a little salesmanship talk about yourself and your duds. What's all that talk about "Give this little girl a hand?" That's salesmanship. I'm selling the bill before I show it to him. Why don't you use my technique? Tell him you're as young and as attractive as you ever were. Point out your good features.

When your husband comes into my club, right away I think he's a swell guy. I let him know that I and everybody who works for me thinks he's a cross between Lindbergh and Clark Gable. I don't nag at him or pick on him—except when the check arrives. I just kid him along. Well, that's something you don't do. You point out his faults. I can tell you do by the poor, beaten faces I see when the lads arrive. You say, "Homer, I was ashamed when the roast was put in front of you. You looked positively scared. Why can't you ever learn to carve? Mr. Jones carves beautifully."

When Homer's at my club—even if he wants to put sugar on a filet mignon—I say, "That's swell with me."

I know men can be stupid. They forget to send their suits out to be pressed. Well, who cares? It isn't much trouble for you to give them to the cleaner.

Maybe it gets on your nerves when he starts that long-winded yarn about the time when he was a boy on the farm and had to chop wood before breakfast. Certainly, you've heard it until you can whistle it—it's so familiar. But you can think your own thoughts and murmur "Yes," "No," and "Well, now, really?" at just the right places without slipping up more than once.

Being a good wife means a number of things, and the chief of them is having a good disposition. It's much more important to make your husband have a good time than to be sure he has his rubbers on on rainy days.

There isn't a man living who doesn't make himself a nuisance and a bit of a boob sometimes. But you've got to laugh it off. That's what I do. I even laugh when it's time to present the bill. And that's a pretty good idea for you on the first of the month. Tell your husband you think he's a sucker to pay for that new coat you ordered when you didn't need it at all. He'll be so surprised he'll write the check in the first flush of amazement.

One of the reasons the men like to come to see me is because I surprise them. Try that. Try it a lot.

Now, mind you, I'm not suggesting that you make a lot of whoopee at home as we do down at my joint. That gets to be tiresome. But what I am suggesting is that you take it easy, be bright and cheerful, don't let things worry you, don't let him get your goat.

Now do you think I'm a sucker for letting you in on all these secrets? Think I'm a fool to ruin my business? Well, I'll let *you* in on a secret. He's going to come to see my show and eat my food and pay my prices anyhow. And if you start being a regular fellow and a regular pal to him—he'll bring you along.

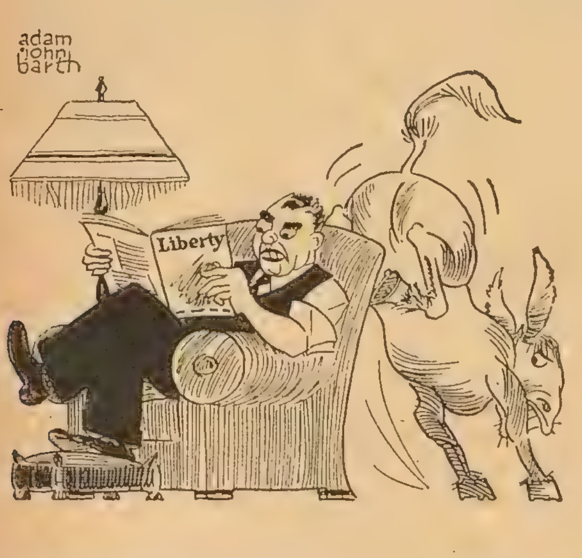
Say, I'm no sucker!

THE END

Vox

More Power to the Mule!

New York, N. Y.—Have finished reading "Not Without Introductions!" and "The Actress Next Door"—both by Dorothy Cottrell. The general idea of these stories is good—but when I got through I felt shaken up. And why? Because she starts to tell you what someone says and busts right into the middle of what is being said by telling who is saying it and how it is being said.



I find I have to read the start of what the party says, skip over who says it, and how, and continue right on with what is said—losing none of the fine points of the conversation.

For example, copying some of these neck-jerking sentences: "He might even," said Aunt Cecilia, who had fully reverted to family ways of thought, "teach Dickie to swear!" And—"He will," they said, outside, "soon forget about it." And more.

In the future, more amusing pranks of Dickie will be relished a lot more if my head isn't jarred from the socket—as if a mule were kicking my chair—trying to get all the thoughts together. —*A Liberty Enthusiast: M. T. G.*

From a Fact Fan

New Orleans, La.—Say, I really believe Liberty is getting somewhere. Have noticed a great improvement in the last six months. And what pleases me is that Liberty gives us *facts.*

Continue the good work of showing the wrong of prohibition. There never was and never will be a greater curse put on this nation. You've been telling the truth about it.

James W. Logan, Jr.

Another case of fact-finding, of Liberty's presenting the inside of present conditions, was Donald Chidsey's "A Paradise Gone Mad."

And, by the way, that article, "Help!" had a pretty good element of truth in it if a high-school senior can believe the stories told him by classmates.—*James W. Logan, Jr.*

Nine-Round Battle Over Theodore Dreiser

Toronto, Ont., Can.—What is the intention of "The Seventh Commandment," by Dreiser? Are you starting a propaganda to make adultery a favorite indoor sport in the United States?—*A. J. Reynolds.*

New York, N. Y.—Theodore Dreiser has always been one of the leaders in our struggle to emerge from prudery and bigotry. His article on hypocrisy in sex matters, "The Seventh Commandment," was splendid—great!—*Frank.*

Chicago, Ill.—After glancing through Mr. Dreiser's article, I find one question troubling me:

Why isn't Mr. Dreiser living in the paradise he advertises so well? Russia! —*C. G. Dowd.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—Narrow-minded prudes need to be told where to get off—and Theodore Dreiser is the man to tell them. I got a big kick out of "The Seventh Commandment."—*L. Davis.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—May I explain to Mr. Dreiser that most minds are capable of reasoning that a man dishonorable with women is more than apt to be just as morally loose with a public trust?

It is that conviction that sank the men he wastes so much pity on—not any church.—*George McGrath.*

Washington, D. C.—I was tremendously interested in Mr. Dreiser's article in defense of a liberal point of view in matters of sex.

There's straight-from-the-shoulder writing for you!

Congratulations!—*F. D.*

Pana, Ill.—If the large number of people who are only held in check by fear of punishment, whether state or private, find consolation in Dreiser's lies, and attempt to let their animal instincts run riot, what a country this will be!—*Wm. Burrows.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—I heartily agree with Theodore Dreiser, and think it worse than prudery that men or women should be publicly denounced for adultery. That is a matter between themselves and God. Christ himself defended the adulteress, saying, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."—*W. J. Weaver.*

Auburn, N. Y.—I'm disgusted! I just read Theodore Dreiser's "The Seventh Commandment."

If I'd wished to read an indecent article I would have chosen an indecent magazine.

Not that *I'm* kicking, but for Pete's sake, when my old man reads that he'll stop buying Liberty.—*(Miss) Jeanne.*

The Dawn of Truth

Goodland, Kan.—In an age when civilization has become so complicated that even the great American newspapers cannot be depended upon for an unshackled presentation of the truth as regards the business of government, it is inspiring to run across such an editorial as "Why We Lack Great Leaders."

C. Walter Linthacum

When the editor of a magazine which bears the prominence and prestige of Liberty dares tread so fearlessly upon the toes of those in high places, we may rest assured that a new day is soon to dawn on the political horizon.—*C. Walter Linthacum.*

We'll Bet You're a Swell Girl

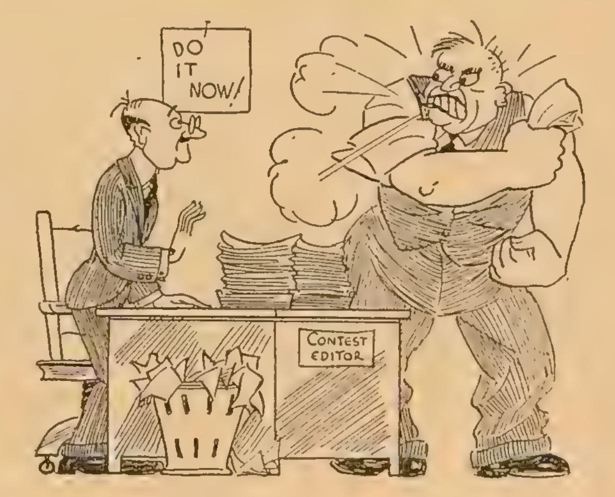
Akron, Ohio—Leslie Thrasher certainly struck a happy medium when he introduced Sally Jones. Now I hope all those Poppers who have been knocking his covers will be pacified. If you ask me, that is what I call tact.

Smart fella, Leslie.—*Edna Cherry.*

How Much Do You Weigh?

Somewhere in the Middle West—A few years ago, before I started to read Liberty, I was a nice quiet little chap. I loved the birds and bees, etc., and used to wear glasses. But after reading your magazine and earnestly trying to cop one of your prizes offered for Limericks, Bright Sayings of Children, Wise-Crack Answers, etc., I am a changed man.

Instead of a mild-mannered boy I am now a rip-snortin', rootin', tootin', two-fisted piece of dynamite ready to lick my weight in wildcats, or more than my weight in Liberty contest editors.



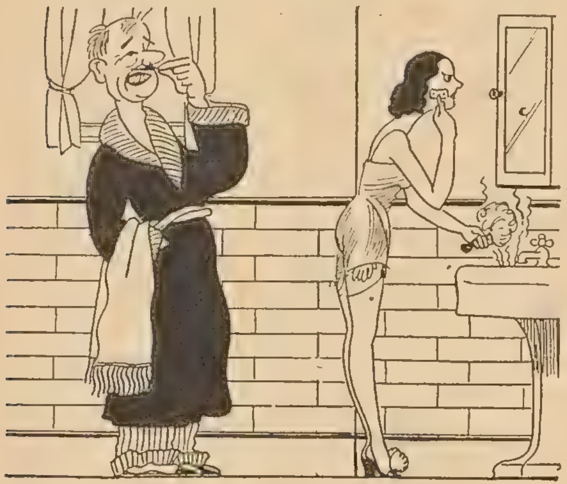
What made me this way? Why, your contest awards. *Sometimes* your awards are O.K. Yeah, and *sometimes* the cute little ball on the roulette table stops on the red fifteen times in succession. Yep, and *sometimes* I win a thousand bucks in one evening, at poker. Uh-huh, and *sometimes.* . . . Aw, whazza use? Nuff said—p'r'aps too much.—*A. M. J.*

Pop

Never Strike a Woman

WASHINGTON, D. C.—After reading "It's Still a Man's World," by Helen Christine Bennett, and "This Is a Woman's World," by Lilian Lauferty, I want to say I'm strong for Lilian's point of view.

Helen admits that "everywhere on this old earth women live longer than men." Well, why is that so? It's so because, in general, women have an easier time of it. They don't have to work so hard. Take the case of the American business man. We all know husbands whose noses are held to the grindstone, while their wives' noses are poked into nothing more strenuous than the cards at a bridge table, and other people's business.



Helen began and ended her article with a lament that she has to wash out her own undies, while her husband lets the laundry do it. Well, the trouble of washing out undies is nothing to the trouble of shaving. I'd like to see old Mother Nature give whiskers to all the girls who complain that men have things their own way in every instance. It would do me good to see 'em shaving—and squawking!—*Just a Mean Man.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"This Is a Woman's World"! Tsk, tsk, Lilian Lauferty, such asininity! Women should at least remain supreme in the line of domestic duties, but I doubt that they do. Why, the very clothes they wear on their backs were designed by some man.

In the better hotels, speakeasies, and restaurants the food is a culinary achievement of some *man.*

Fully ninety per cent of the things women own today are things their fathers, husbands, sweethearts, or both, have given them.—*William Foster.*

They Don't Want Their Names Mentioned

CANTON, OHIO—In constructing your propaganda editorial on liquor, entitled "Prohibition—A Great Campaign to Popularize Booze," did you unwittingly or intentionally use warped material?

If supporters of the Eighteenth Amendment and of enforcement of laws are "fanatics," then these are some of the prominent "fanatics":

The President of the United States; the Supreme Court; the majority of Congress; the majority of college presidents of the U. S.; the majority of editors—not circulation—of the U. S.; the majority of public-school teachers; the National Educational Association; the majority of the preachers of the U. S.; the majority of all church and religious organizations; the majority of the club women of America; the Federated Women's Clubs of America.

If these are "fanatics," as you term them, who are the safe and sane citizens of our republic?—*J. S. Wilhelm.*

Blah!

PORT ARTHUR, ONT., CAN.—Herewith I present a little correction which I hope you will make.

I notice that, preceding each story or article, you have the following: *Reading time.* Judging from the quality of those stories and articles, should this not be *Writing time?*

Thine—*Douglas W. Young.*

Welcome to the Fold

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—There's something to be said for Liberty's boy salesmen, after all. I had never bothered with any sort of magazine until Liberty was thrust under my nose morning, noon, and night by a boy who sold it. Except for his persistence I'd never have got to know your big bargain.

Bessie Mason

I find that the short stories are just the length I like, though I don't care for your serials. Vox Pop is great, as is To the Ladies! and Bright Sayings of Children. John Held, Jr., hasn't been coming in for his share of praise. He's fine. And who ever misses a nickel?—*Bessie Mason.*

Yes, Why Not?

SEATTLE, WASH.—In these times of unemployment we city folks feel the depression more than the average farmer, for when our job goes so do our eats, while the man on the farm can at least eat, whether he can sell all his produce or not.

I firmly believe the quickest way out of the present crisis is back to the soil. Instead of giving billions to help banks and manufacturers to keep going, why not help worthy men to get back to the farms?—*John S. Tidwell.*

You're Right. We Ought to Sue

NEW YORK, N. Y.—There are two Libertys, one a mag., the other a statue. They are much alike. The statue's head is hollow, and— Oh, well.—*Just Sue.*

Something for School-Teachers—and Also Parents

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Training Children for the Easy Life." You are talking horse sense, now!

Self-respect is the first step to happiness.

Children should be trained in neatness, politeness, and respect for their elders, and in good citizenship in the schools.

How nice it sounds, from a youngster, to hear: "Yes, sir," and "Thank you"—two simple expressions that mean so much.—*Sam B. Richardson.*

From a Genius (Sarcasm)

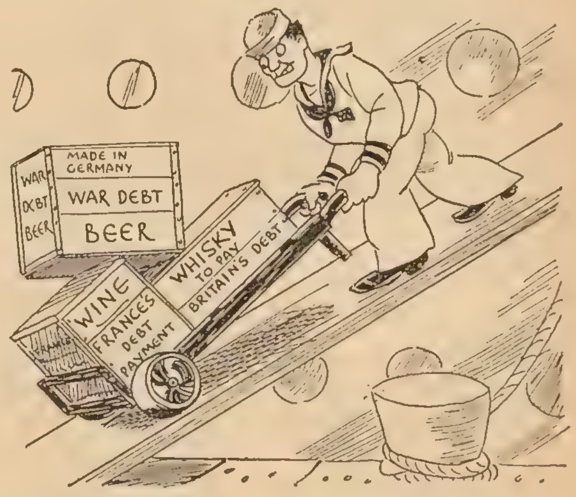
ASHVILLE, N. Y.—I hereby submit a plan for the collection of European war debts. I send it to you for a test of merit, for if the idea meets with approval in your keen, analytical mind (sarcasm) I shall feel justified in sending it on to Senator Borah.

The plan depends on the abolition of that pet addendum to the Constitution, the Eighteenth Amendment. When this is accomplished, the United States should then agree to accept payment from England, France, and Germany in Scotch, wine, and beer. (Hurrah! Hurrah! Huzza! Bravo! Loud noises from the gallery.)

With consumption of these liquors equivalent to one billion dollars annually (a conservative estimate) it would require approximately ten years to dissipate the debts. This period would give the home distilleries time in which to properly age their product.

Putting all joking aside (regretfully) the plan is sound and practical.

The difficulty of collecting these war debts is found in the fact that this country wants to monopolize international trade. We refuse to accept payment in consumable goods for the reason that the importation of foreign products would glut our home markets and aggravate a condition already infernally bad.



But we have no local liquor manufacturing industries and could accept goods of this type—that is, in the event of prohibition repeal.—*Louis J. Fagan.*

ENGLAND SENDS HER PRAISES TO AMERICA

Britisher Calls American Firm "Benefactors to Human Race"

The Englishman is everywhere acknowledged to be a keen judge of fine tobacco. Little wonder, then, that the makers of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, right down in our own Richmond, Virginia, are proud of this tribute to their product from Mr. W. J. Russell of Newton College, Devon, England.

Newton College
Newton Abbot
Devon, England
Nov. 20, 1931

Larus & Brother Company
Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A.

Gentlemen:

I have just purchased and begun to smoke some of your Edgeworth Plug Slice. How long it has been possible to obtain this delectable tobacco in this country I do not know, but I am so delighted at having discovered it that I want to record my appreciation of it and of the firm that produces it. I had not realized that a tobacco so superior to any other was obtainable. The discovery has pleased me so much that I am constrained to write to you, whom I regard as benefactors to all pipe-smoking members of the human race.

Please accept, gentlemen, my sincerest thanks.

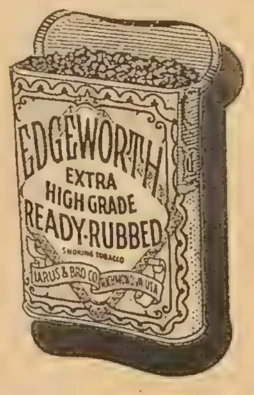
Yours faithfully,
W. J. Russell

Edgeworth has found its way into most of the countries of the world. It is nearer the truth to say that pipe smokers of foreign nations have "discovered" Edgeworth. They have found, too, that Edgeworth is always the same. To literally millions of men Edgeworth has been the happy ending to the quest for real smoking satisfaction. If you are not contented with your tobacco, try Edgeworth.

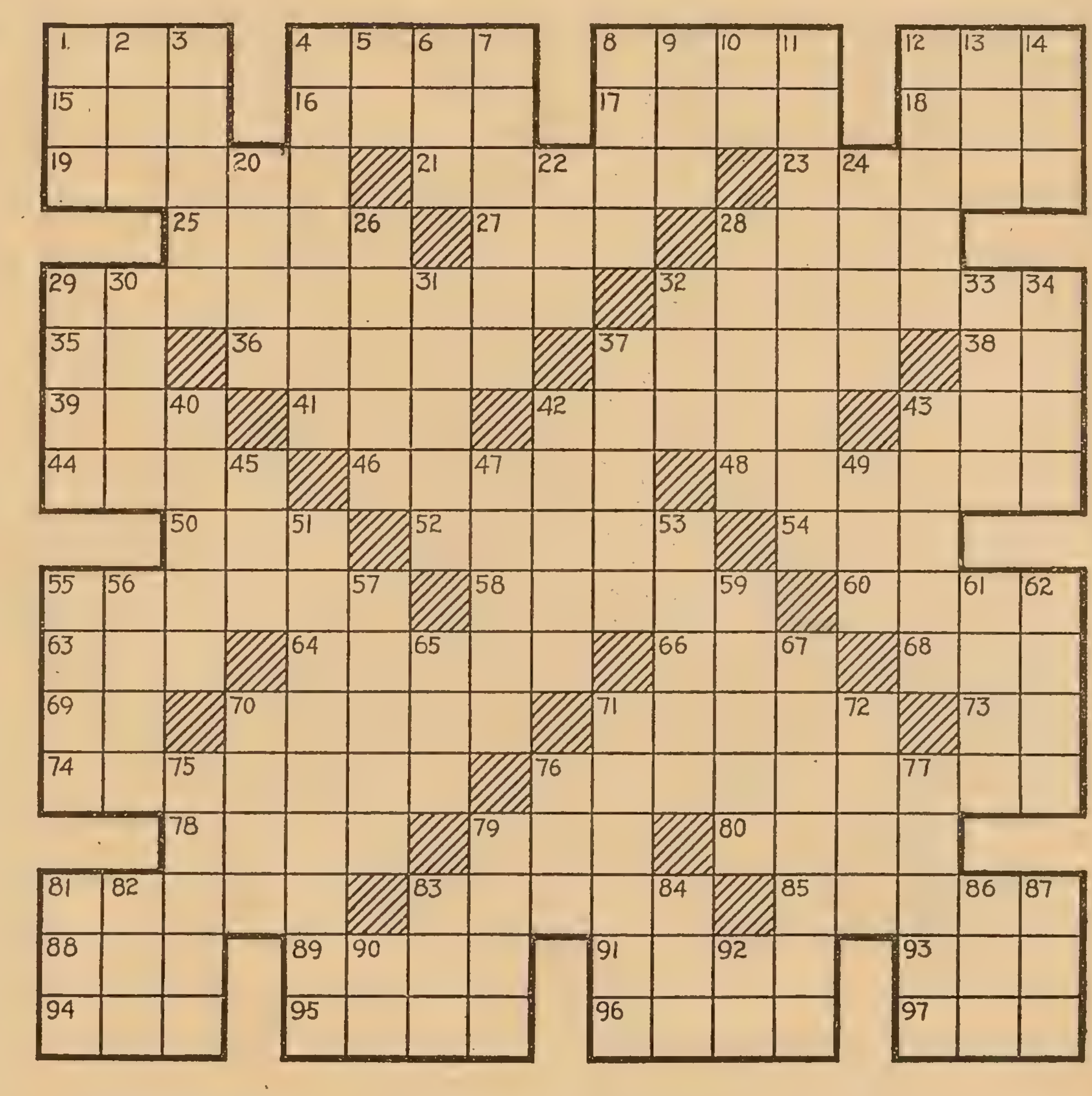
In his letter, Mr. Russell states that he, like many experienced pipe smokers who prefer to "rub up" their own tobacco, smokes Edgeworth Plug Slice. This is the form in which Edgeworth originally appeared, but it is also available as Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, all ready for your pipe. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in all sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin.

If you have never smoked a pipe, and would like to know its joys and to "understand" the Edgeworth flavor, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 107 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., and they will send you a free trial packet of Edgeworth.

You are invited to tune in on the Edgeworth Radio Program every Thursday Evening at 8 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. The WJZ network of National Broadcasting Company.



Here Is Contest Puzzle
No. 2



HORIZONTAL

1 Limb
4 Winged
8 Son of Seth
12 Your
15 Vase
16 Aggrieved
17 Torn
18 Female sandpiper
19 Pasturage
21 Stop! (nautical)
23 Vigilant
25 Regretted
27 Wrath
28 American Indian
29 Flying fields
32 Annoys
35 Small fish of the carp kind
36 Scatter
37 Son of Priam, King of Troy
38 Spanish definite article
39 Sign of the zodiac
41 Title of respect
42 A missile thrower
43 Woman's name
44 Rescue
46 Species of lily
48 Cloth of inferior quality
50 Kind of worm
52 Suave
54 Definite article
55 Menace
58 Avoid
60 Rows
63 Disease of sheep
64 Street cars
66 Craft
68 Margin of a cup
69 City in ancient Chaldea
70 Form of headdress
71 Arabian commanders
73 Father
74 Intestinal
76 Playwright
78 Seed covering
79 Winglike process of a fish
80 Scrutinize
81 Overpowers with emotion
83 Swift in motion
85 Upstanding
88 Electrified particle
89 Pronoun
91 Burn to hardness
93 Deer
94 Fit of ill temper
95 Mentally normal
96 Makes into leather
97 Measure of weight

VERTICAL

1 Drag along
2 Stray
3 Snarl
4 Declares
5 Behold!
6 Constellation
7 Retrospective survey
8 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
9 Free of charges or deductions
10 Over and in contact with
11 Light of heavenly bodies
12 Large plants
13 Pronoun
14 Still
20 Water impregnated with soap
22 Measures of area
24 Dregs
26 An order of architecture
28 Preserves in brine
29 Suffers illness
30 Notion
31 Daughter of Saul
32 A month (French)
33 Serve as a means
34 Kill
37 Carpenter's tool
40 Manifest
42 Certain Europeans
43 Standard of perfection
45 A point of the compass
47 Beast of burden
49 Exclamation
51 Authors of satire
53 Play
55 Genuine
56 Wind instrument
57 Track; trace
59 Prunes
61 Tears
62 Gaiter
65 Part of a circle
67 Followers of a trail
70 Wading bird
71 Man's name
72 Asterisk
75 Bitter reproach
76 Cease to be
77 Inactive
79 Hasten off
81 Sup
82 Digit
83 Bog
84 Beverage
86 Note of a dove
87 Cardinal number
90 Ejaculation
92 One indefinitely

68 Chances to Be in the Money This Week

LIBERTY PAYS $500 CASH

FOR WINNING CROSS-WORD SOLUTIONS!

Get into the Game and Win Some Easy Money

THESE ARE THE PRIZES	
FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each $5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

The RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.

3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story I liked best in this week's issue of Liberty, and why."

4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.

5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.

6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, May 2, 1932.

FIFTY million cross-word enthusiasts can't be wrong! When so many people find entertainment in stalking synonyms to their hide-outs with all the patience and inexorable purpose of the Northwest "Mounties" following a trail, there must be something to the business. And that is why Liberty offers its readers an opportunity to combine pleasure with profit. That is why Liberty offers $500 in cash prizes each week for prize-winning cross-word solutions.

The "Mounties" always get their man. Do you always get your word? If you do, or if you seldom have to admit defeat, some of Liberty's prize money should fall right within your line of duty, should be an added incentive to successful completion of an enjoyable test of ability.

The contestant who submits the best entry in this week's competition will receive our check for $100. Second best wins $50 and third best wins $25. The next sixty-five will be richer to the extent of $5 each.

Here's an easy way to obtain the nucleus of this year's vacation fund. Win a Liberty cross-word prize this week and assure yourself of complete liberty from financial worry during vacation weeks. Think what the first prize would buy in transportation and accommodations! Or the next two prizes. And one of the $5 checks would make an excellent starting point about which to accumulate a vacation budget.

Perhaps you can add to it by winning larger prizes in future weeks of this cross-word series.

The *modus operandi?* Simple. The rules tell all! Briefly, just solve this week's puzzle, which appears on the adjoining page. Send it in as directed, accompanied by a short letter on the subject, "The story I liked best in this week's issue of Liberty, and why." Be sure that your entry is properly addressed and that it is filed in time to receive consideration.

To be eligible for this week's prizes all entries must be received before the close of business Monday, May 2, 1932. This gives everyone ample time to enter, regardless of geographical location.

Every effort will be made to announce the winners of this week's contest in Liberty dated June 18.

NEXT WEEK—*Another* CROSS-WORD-PUZZLE CONTEST *for* $500 *in* CASH PRIZES—NEXT WEEK

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Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1932

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A Chance at Heaven

The Plunge into Marriage—A Riddle Beyond Solution—All Set for Explosions—The Bungalow of Dreams—Blacky Gets a Big Shock

By VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 33 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Blacky Gorman's loves, told by himself. In Silver Beach, where he ran a filling station, he got engaged to Marjory Harris, but Marjory broke the engagement after beautiful Glory Franklyn appeared. Glory's mother was rolling in money. Glory was engaged to a Dr. Larrick. He persisted in psychoanalyzing her, and she begged Blacky, whom she had known as a kid, to save her from him. "Could you and I be married today, Blacky?" she asked.

PART FOUR—SAVED FROM THE DOCTOR

"SURE. Do you want to go now and do it?"

"No. I don't want to be married in Silver Beach. I thought we could run away. You know—elope."

"Anything you say."

"Well, I'll go home and pack a little suitcase and then we'll go. Can we, Blacky? Oh, I'm so excited! Let's just ride and ride till we see a sweet town, and stop there to be married."

"All right," I says. She's too cute and happy for me to bother her with things like how far we'll have to ride for a sweet town or what time the station has to be open next morning. I kiss her again and away she goes to pack the little suitcase. I get a bad feeling that she won't be back again.

Anyhow, I telephone my help and tell him to get over to the station fast.

"What for?" he asks.

"It's on fire," I tell him, and he certainly gets over fast.

"Look here," I says to him. "You go on duty now instead of at six, see? And you stay on duty till you see me again. Get the idea? Close the place up nice and tight at 1 A. M. and be back here at seven to open it again. See?"

"Where are you going?" he asks me.

"After all," I says to the guy, "*you* are the help." And I walk away from him whistling This Is the Missus.

I pile over to the bungalow and get dressed up like a pet pony. All the time I'm shaving I'm thinking that it's a lot of damn' nonsense; that Glory has probably been spanked and put to bed without her supper. But I'm not back at the station five minutes when she arrives grinning like everything's O. K. She's got a hat on and gloves and a little shiny black suit which I think is some kind of silk. And in the car is a little valise.

"Well," says I, "I see that they've been drinking wood alcohol up at your house."

"What?"

"They must be blind. How did you get out with city clothes and a suitcase?"

"Nobody saw me. I went in and out the back door."

"O. K., then. Let's elope."

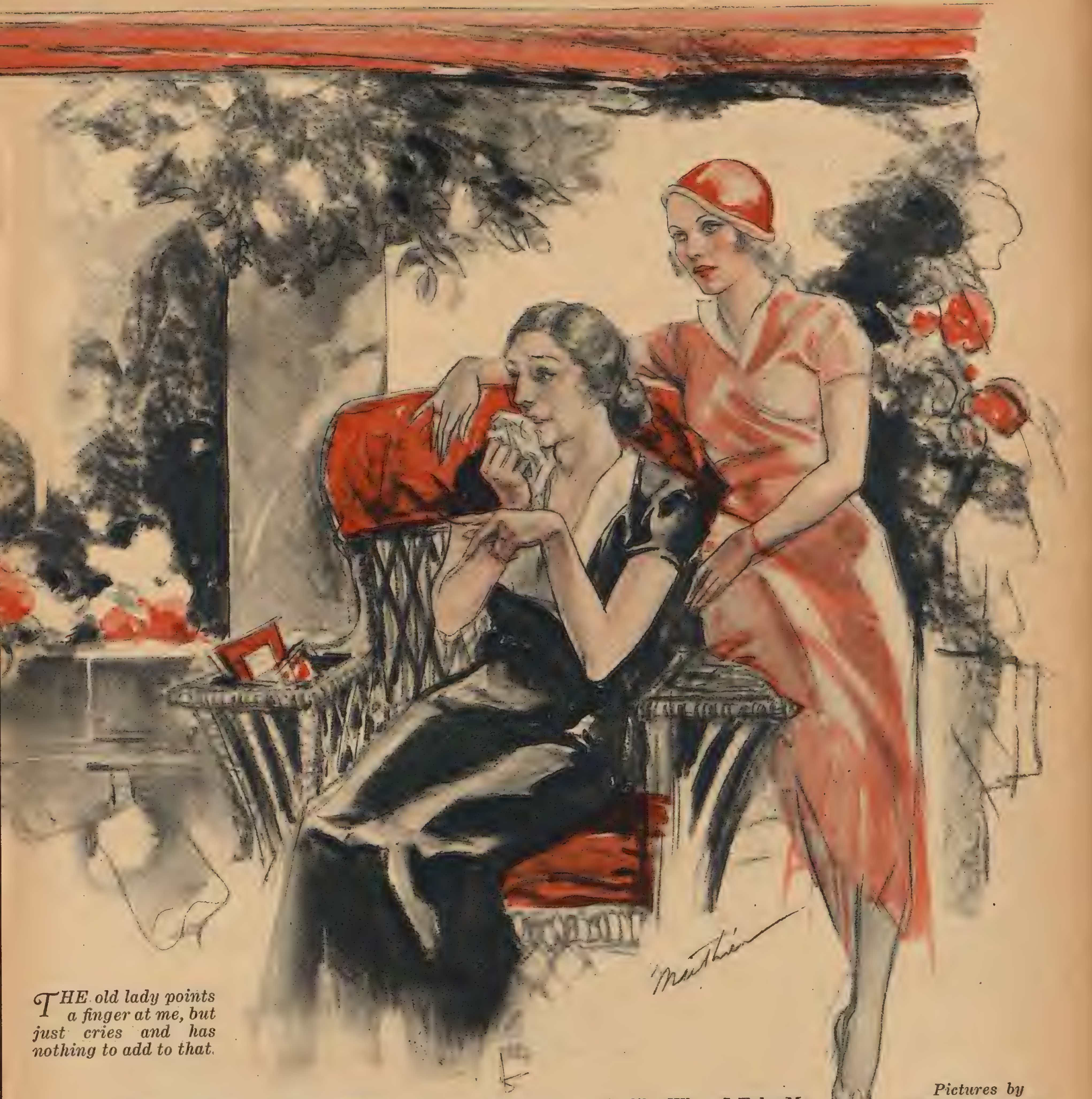
"Sh," she says. "That man might hear you."

Glory figures that it will be more puzzling if we go north a little way and leave the French car in Willow Park, then turn back and continue south.

"They'll think we've gone to New York if they find the car in that direction," she says.

So she drives up to Willow Park, with me trailing her and having convulsions all the way. Red lights, signals, and things like that mean nothing to Glory. Every so often she'd turn around and smile at me, and I'd wave at her to keep her eyes front; but every time I did it she'd wave back at me and smile some more. I decided that the minute I marry her I'm going to have her driving license revoked. By the time we get the little car parked in a garage I'm a nervous wreck. But when I get her in the car with me I don't mind any more that she's a pain in the neck in a driver's seat. After all, you couldn't expect a little thing like that to be good at anything like driving.

It was nice to have her sitting alongside of me. Every time I looked at her and got a load of those big blue eyes the car did sixty. We took the back road, passing south through Silver Beach, although it was kind of early for the bloodhounds to be on our trail.



THE old lady points a finger at me, but just cries and has nothing to add to that.

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

"Isn't this fun?" Glory asked. "I feel sorry for everybody who has to get married in a big church with a long veil and everything planned out in advance."

We act like lunatics, we're so excited. We sing and laugh and holler hello to every car on the road. Some of them answers us and some just stare at Glory. I get out in one place and pick a gang of wild roses, which I pile up in her lap. Just batty, you know. Once I stop the car just so I can take Glory in my arms and give her a big kiss. Then I sing some more, starting with This Is the Missus and sliding into the song about the nodding violets.

Glory says, "I never heard that song before. What is it about?"

"Oh, we learned it in school. It's about the fairy queen taking a nap on a load of wild thyme. Wild thyme's something like hay, I guess. And there's violets and cowslips all around and everything. It's pretty."

"I like When I Take My Sugar to Tea," she says. "Sing that, Blacky."

So I sang that.

'Long about the time we're driving through Elmsville, Glory lets out a sudden gasp. "Oh, Blacky!" she says. "I completely forgot. What about Marjory Harris?"

"Marjory is all right, kid. Don't worry about her. She's going to be our best friend."

"I can't imagine that she'll be very fond of me," Glory says.

"You've got a funny line on people, Glory, from being around that Larrick guy. Marjory knew I was nuts about you without me tipping her off, so she just faded out of the picture. She's a swell kid, Marje is."

Glory says, "Well, she's an awful fool to let you slip away from her, Blacky boy. I never would."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-nine

I didn't feel like going into a song and dance, just then, explaining that it was very noble of Marje to let me go. I didn't feel that any girl on her wedding day wants to hear about what a swell egg some other girl is. Besides, to rave about Marje's big sacrifice would have sounded as though I thought I was a tough item for a girl to forfeit. So I just keep whipping the horses and say nothing.

We ride a hundred miles and the day is beginning to age. I never went shopping for a town before, and I keep thinking that if Glory doesn't pick one out soon it's going to be too late to get married. If we wait till morning, perhaps old lady Franklyn will find us before we find a minister and then everything will be spoiled. So I says to Glory as the town of Phelps River springs up, " This is a sweet little town." She looks around and gets a view of a rubbish heap, a dirty-looking road house, and an old horse. " Are you sure, Blacky? "

" Oh, it's a honey. Look over there." As luck would have it, somebody has stuck a pot of blue flowers on the window sill of a white house, and Glory gives in.

We parked the car in Ben Griscomb's garage. Griscomb was an old guy with a beard. He stared at Glory like he had good sense and nearly fell over when I asked him where I'd find the Justice of the Peace.

" YOU two going to get married? " he asked me.

" Well, do you think it would be all right? I like to get the opinion of different people. What do you think about it, Mr. Griscomb? "

" Seems like a good idea," the old man says. " My son's the proprietor over at the Mansion House. I'll let him know you're coming. What's your name? "

I say " Gorman " and Glory says " Matthews."

" Now which is it? "

" It's Gorman." In ten more minutes Larrick and Glory's mother and the whole damn' world won't be able to do a thing, so I'm not afraid to give the right name. " Where did you say the J. P. was? "

The old guy points, and we go over to the town hall building and get a license, and then we dash out again to buy a ring. There's no ring in the one jewelry store swell enough nor small enough for Glory, so we buy a cluck in the ten-cent store, where they're smaller on account of them being stingier with material.

" In a few days we'll go up to New York and buy a hot-diggity one," I promise her.

And then we go back to the J. P. and get hitched. I notice as I put the ring on her that she's still wearing Larrick's diamond, and I nearly bust out laughing, because it's a square-cut diamond and as big as a house, and here it is getting hemmed in by a ten-cent-store palooka. I figure that would make Larrick sore, so it tickles me to death. Then all of a sudden, while I'm thinking like this, it gets to be time for kisses and I'm married to the prettiest girl alive. " Well," I says to her as we walk out, " You're Glory Gorman now."

" No, I'm Mrs. Blackstone Gorman, if you please."

Nobody told me to do it that time, but I kissed her anyhow because she was so damn' cute.

We went back to the garage to get Glory's suitcase, and Griscomb asks us if we did it.

" Yes, sir. We're married now," I said.

" Well, congratulations," he says. " My son's going to put you up in a fine room. I told him all about you."

It dawns on me as we're walking out of the place that I didn't bring a suitcase for myself, so we go do some shopping for me. It seems funny to have Glory along while I'm buying pyjamas, although Marje always hangs over the counter in her father's store while I'm buying God knows what. I guess it's the same old thing again of Marje being Marje and Glory being Glory.

By the time we get that all attended to it's time for dinner, so we go up to the Mansion House and register and have our wedding feast in the crummiest-looking dining room I ever saw.

After dinner we parade Main Street again. I suggest that, now that nothing can be done about it, Glory should telegraph or telephone her mother the bad news. But Glory says the dickens with her mother, and I don't bother any more as I feel the same way.

We spend the evening in the movies and walk around the dead town for a few minutes and then we go up to our room. I take a look at it and wonder if the kid would like to check out so that we can go to Atlantic City or New York or even Chicago. I take a slant at her. She's put her hat away and she's busy unpacking.

" This is a hell of a room," I said.

" Is it? " She smiles that cute smile of hers.

" Don't you want to check out? About sixty miles from here there's decent hotels."

She comes over and kisses me. " I've seen decent hotels, Blacky. I just want to be with you."

Now tie that if you can. She wants to be with me! Feature that. She's got the kind of looks that make people stare at her and she's got money galore, and she just wants to be with me. I get a surprise every time I remember that she's married to me. *She's* married to *me.* What for? That question knocks me for a loop. I can't figure it at all.

I get to circulating around the room, and I see the things that have come out of her suitcase. There's all kinds of silky things around. I'd seen silky things before, but not like these. These look like spider webs and there's the kind of lace on them that makes you think there's a mist in front of your eyes. And they're pale colors but not faded-looking.

" Like 'em? " Glory asks. " I got 'em in Paris."

" They're swell," I tell her.

I walk over to the bureau and snoop around there for a while. There's a gold dresser set with all kinds of gadgets for perfume and powder, and every one has got her initials on them, and what can't be gold is a shiny kind of glass that can't be just plain glass. I know that much. Up near the mirror is a little pile of jewelry she's taken off. And the whole corner of the room has the smell of her perfume, which is very sweet and just like the kind she ought to use.

" Do you like this? " she asks.

I turn around and see that she's pulled a fast one on me while my back is turned. She's taken off the little suit and she's wearing something else. It's a pale, pale blue and it's long. It hides her feet and gathers around them like a blue puddle. The material is very thin, but there must have been layers of it because you can't see through it. It clings to her except where it blossoms out into big, floating sleeves, and up at the neck part it shows her chest and then ends in a white fur collar that stands up in back of her head. She looks prettier than I ever saw her before. I can't say anything for a minute, and she laughs.

" Did I scare you? "

" Gee, Glory, you're pretty! A little narrow crown of diamonds would just be right for you. You'd look like a fairy queen."

" Think so? "

She came over and kissed me, and I found out that the blue thing was all full of her perfume, too.

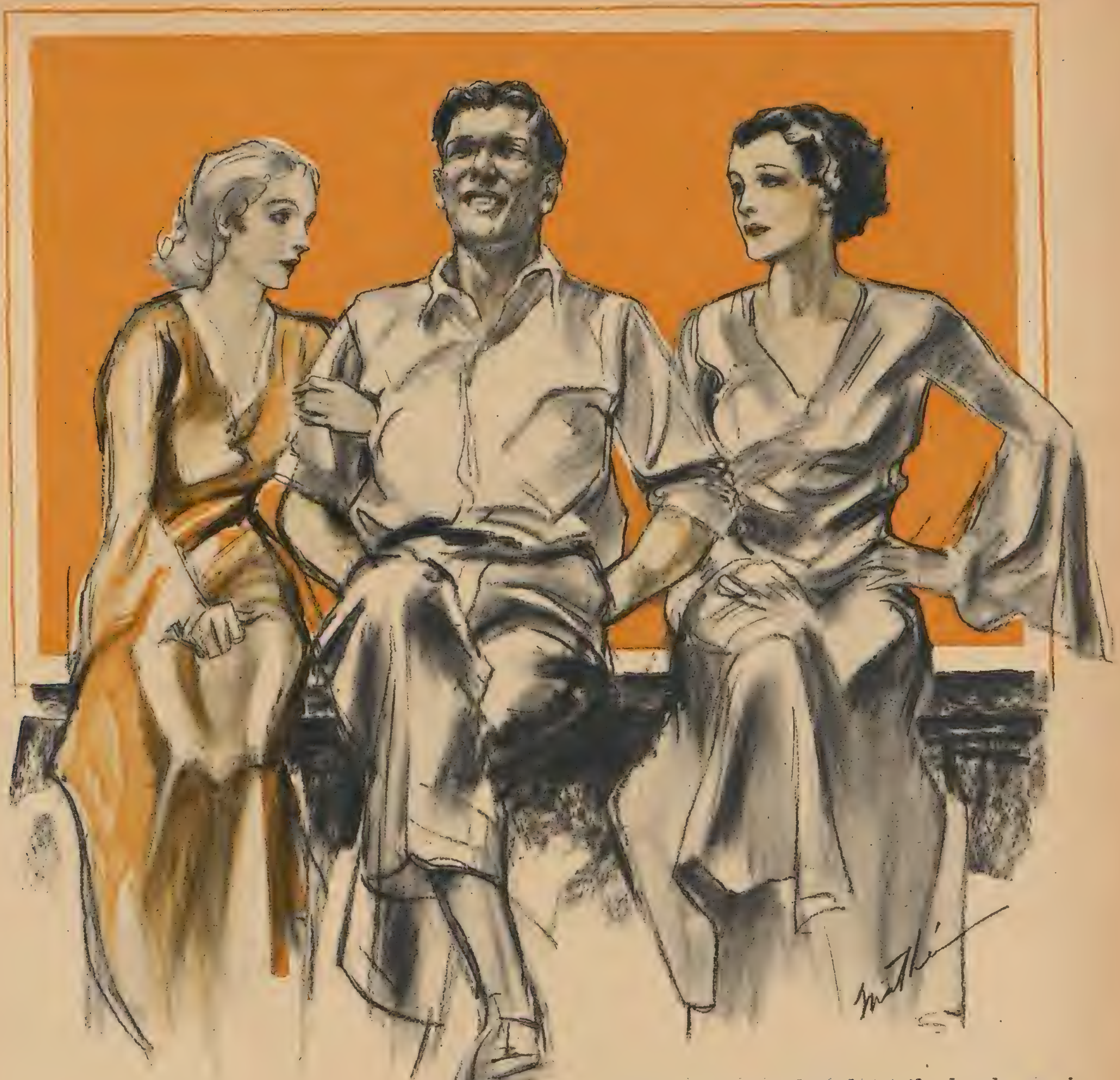
She says, " I love you, Blacky. . . ."

II

WE landed back in Silver Beach about noon. Everybody gave us the round eye as we made progress down the street, and I gather that we've had a little publicity. We go first to the filling station, because I figure I'd better see how business is before I act too dignified. The help tells me that business has been swell.

" Every car in town has been here for gas," he says, " and, of course, while they're getting it they ask careless-like, ' Where's the boss? ' "

The help looks sideways at Glory and leads me a few yards away from the car. " Listen, boss," he says. " The young lady's mother and that doctor have been raising hell around here. They've been to the police station and everything. Look—I don't want you to get sore or anything, but I just want to give you a little tip. If there's



WE get out and park on the bench—me in the middle and the girls one on each side.

anything important you've overlooked doing, you'd better do it before they get her, because they're going to take her out of town. I heard them say so."

"Oh, yeah? Well, if anybody asks, tell them we were married yesterday at Phelps River."

"That's what Miss Harris said; only of course she didn't know what town you were in."

"Miss Harris?"

"Yeh. The doctor telephoned her from here yesterday and had her come over. He thought she might know where the other young lady was. Of course I kept saying I didn't know anything, though lots of people told them that you and the young lady left town with both cars."

"What about Miss Harris?"

"She came right over, and it was real funny. The doctor says to her, 'Where's Miss Franklyn?' And she says, 'I'm a stranger here, doctor. I just got in from Bangor, Maine. But I'd say at a guess that she's with Mr. Gorman.' And then the doctor says, 'Well, where is he?' And Miss Harris says, 'I'll bite. Where is he?' I thought I'd die. But then later Miss Harris gets mad and tells him that if Miss Franklyn has landed you she's got a guy a hell of a sight too good for her. It was real funny."

I go telephone the cops to quit dragging speakeasies for my body, and announce that Miss Franklyn is safe and that she's married to me.

"Married to you?" says Burke, the guy on the desk. "I thought you said she was safe."

"Well," Glory says after that's all attended to, "I guess we'd better go see mama and Clinton now."

"All right. Come on."

The help runs up just as I'm getting back in the car. "Can I tell all inquiring folks that you two are married?" he asks.

"Sure," I say. "Tell even the folks who don't inquire."

"Well, congratulations," he says. "And say, boss, when the hell am I going to be relieved?"

"Relieved? Why, you miserable clock watcher, you! I'm ashamed of you. You must carry on."

And away we fly to have a nice little talk with the rich people who live on the ocean.

Mrs. Franklyn looks a hundred years old and she's sitting in a chair on the veranda with a wet handkerchief in each hand. The doctor is horizontal in the canvas swing. He hasn't shaved today and his shirt is open at the neck and his pretty white panties are all rumpled. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page sixty-one

looks just like a movie hero who has gone haywire in the tropics.

They both jump up as we get near the steps. Mrs. Franklyn grabs Glory and busts out in new tears. The doctor looks over at the ocean for a minute. Then he says to me, "May I have a moment of your time, Gorman?"

We walk in the house and he says, "Sit down, will you?" We sit down and he says, "Now, what does all this mean?"

"Glory and I are married," I answered him.

"Are you?" His question isn't one of those echoing things at all. He really means just that. Are we married?

"Sure we're married," I says. "What the hell do you mean by that crack?"

"Oh, don't be so wearisomely gallant," he says, making a funny tired kind of movement with his hand. "You know as well as I do that some of the best people have pre-honeymoons. If Glory has had one, that doesn't make her a devil, and if she hasn't had one it doesn't make her a saint. So what's the point of all that pugnacity of yours?"

"Well, we're married," I say again. "I'm sorry we had to be sneaky about it, but I don't think she could have been happy with you."

He sighed. "Maybe you're right. At any rate, Gorman, let us be friends. Let me feel free to drop around and see you both now and then. You and I could have been friends, you know, had we not become rivals at the very start."

I get a sudden feeling that I want to laugh. Friends, no less. Larrick and me!

HE gets in a split second just what I'm thinking. He says, "You think we couldn't have been friends because we're such different types? We could have been and we will be."

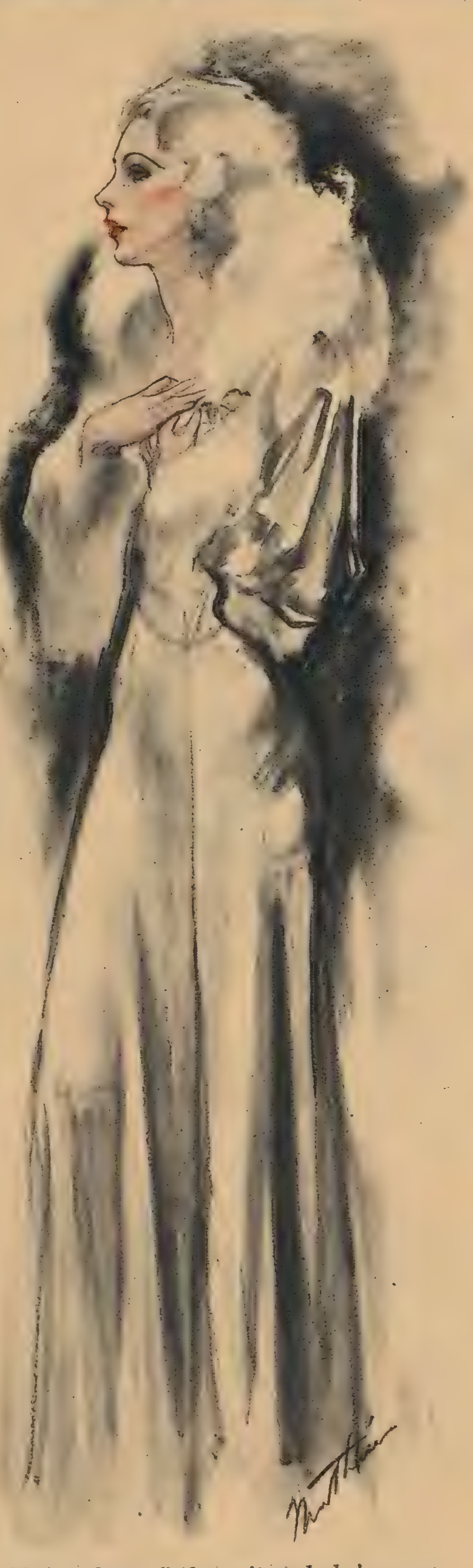
Well, I think to myself, you may get so that you can't live without me, doc, but you'll never be the cream in my coffee.

He says, "May I call and see the Gormans occasionally?"

"Sure thing," I says. "Everybody's welcome." We shake on that and go back to the veranda. Glory has told the old lady that the worst has happened, so there's no need for me to say anything. The old lady points a finger at me, but just cries and has nothing to add to that. The doctor is great, though. He even understands exactly what she means.

He says: "Stop it, Edna. Don't be foolish. Of course Gorman didn't kidnap her. She went happily and without argument. As a matter of fact, if I'm not completely stupid, it was her suggestion. Come, come, you'll have yourself in a fever."

Glory looks surprised, too, to find that Doc Yak's taking it like a human being.



She's taken off the suit and she's wearing something else. She looks prettier than I ever saw her before.

"Run along," he says to us. "I'll have her right as rain in no time if I can speak to her alone. I'll bring her over to see you tonight. Where will you be?"

I tell him where the bungalow is and he says, "Righto. This evening, then."

So the missus and I take the air.

"Well," says she, "I ought to feel insulted. He bore up entirely too well."

"Yeh, he did all right; but, after all, somebody's got to see that dinner gets on the table tonight. Look at the condition your old lady's in."

That starts her laughing. "Blacky," she says, "you're a scream."

We drive along the ocean front. After a while I say, "Marjory Harris is back in town."

"OH, really? Let's go call on her."

Now, that's the one thing I don't feel like doing. I can't imagine introducing Glory to Marje's parents and saying, "Fooled you, didn't I?" Marje herself is going to be O. K.; but I kind of hate to parade Glory in the Harris house, because I figure after we're gone Marje will hear plenty from her loving mother.

So I figure that maybe I can make Glory forget about Marje. "I got to go back to the station again," I tell her. "I need gas and there's a matter or so I want to take up with the help. Then how about taking a slant at the bungalow?"

"Oh, yes," she says. "I forgot the little bungalow!"

But I can't make her forget Marje, because when we get to the filling station there's Marje herself. "Hello," she says, waving that red scarf of hers at us. I nearly ran over and kissed her. I was glad to see her, but the main reason, I think, is that kissing Marje used to be a habit of mine, if you remember. Anyhow, I catch myself in time and just holler hello right back at her. Glory hollers hello, too.

We get out and park on the bench—me in the middle and the girls one on each side.

Nicky Annella drives by, takes a look, and yells, "What a guy!"

Marje yells back at him, "So was your old man!"

Which isn't nice, on account of Nicky's father having done time for bigamy, and I think maybe Marje's remark might remind Nicky of it.

Then Marje says, "Well, folks, I hear you've gone and got married."

Glory says, "Yes, Marjory. I'm awfully sorry."

"What? Already?"

"Oh, you know what I mean. I'm sorry I took him away. But he was so fascinating that I couldn't resist him."

"You didn't take him away, Glory. I wrapped him in gold paper and shipped him to you. I know that a bride can't be completely happy unless there's some poor soul hanging around that she can be sorry for. But don't feel sorry for me. I'd like to show you my broken heart as a little wedding present, but I'll send you a pickle dish instead."

"I didn't mean to make you angry," Glory said.

"Bless your heart, chile, you don't make me angry. You just tickle me to death."

Glory's not much on picking up the silly kinds of things that Marje says sometimes. So Glory asks, "Pardon me, what did you say?"

"Nothing much. Let's not be the way we're being. Blacky's a good guy and you're a swell girl. Now let's all play colors. For instance: I see something red."

"Your scarf," Glory suggests politely, and Marje and I darn' near die laughing, because it seems that the kid is thinking that Marje is batty and she don't dare refuse to play.

Glory doesn't like our laughing, and I don't blame her. It's hard to get on to Marje right away.

I get up and walk away. I figure they'll get along better without me.

"Hey, boss," says the help. "What about being relieved?"

"That's just it. What about it? What about the millions of men without work who'd thank God for your opportunity?"

He just looks at me. He's a good egg.

A cop and the guy from the diner come up and wish me many happy returns of the day. The cop says, "Well, it was a surprise to me. I thought you and Marjory Harris—"

"Yeh," I says. "She threw me away like I was an old shoe."

He laughs. "Trying to be big about it, eh? Well, some guys like caviar, but the ones with sense order roast beef. It don't look so dainty, but it's dependable."

"So is caviar."

The cop laughs. "Sure, you can depend on its always looking cute."

"Scram and peddle your cute sayings somewhere else."

I WALK back to the girls and find them getting along O. K.

I get a laugh out of them sitting there talking, because I see my wife's wearing another guy's diamond and the other girl is wearing mine.

I note that Marje is being congenial as the dickens and I figure that the girls will hit it off swell together. They're both smart enough to understand the other pretty well. Glory has probably caught on already to Marje's habit of talking silly, and Marje is wise to the fact that Glory didn't mean anything catty by her opening remarks, but is just too young and sweet to realize how they'll sound.

"Well," I says to Glory, "what about going home?"

"All right," she says.

Marje says, "It was a treat to see you folks. I hope you'll let me drop in and visit you occasionally."

When she said that I thought of Larrick. He'd wanted to drop around, too. Not that he and Marje weren't welcome, but it strikes me funny. It's kind of like our marriage is some kind of show that everybody wants to see before it closes. Too bad that just a couple of our fans wouldn't leave town till we get the thing running smoothly. Leaving town reminds me of something.

"Hey," I says to Marje, "I thought you were going to stay in Maine for a while."

"So what?" she says.

"Nothing. Only I was surprised when I heard you were back. You never told me you were going, either."

"Well," says Glory, "Marjory doesn't have to report to you, does she?"

"Because if I do," Marje says, "you'll find me at Lamberts' tonight playing bridge for a penny a point; consequently the whole Harris family will probably be in the workhouse tomorrow. If not there, please call Silver Beach 1275 and I'll be over to take a swim with you."

Glory looks surprised but satisfied, so that's that and Marje drives away.

"MY Lord," Glory says, "she's an exhausting person. I like her, though. There's no pretense about her. She's just frankly a girl who's in love with you and has been ditched."

"Honestly, Glory, I didn't ditch Marje. She broke our engagement. I wouldn't have ditched her. She's too good an egg to be treated like that."

Glory laughs again. "On to the bungalow," she says. "We'll take Marje up again at the next meeting."

I want to be put on record as not caring if we never take Marje up again. It's a ticklish business on account of me not liking to annoy Glory or make a sap out of Marjory.

The bungalow has never looked so little and ugly to me before as it does that day when I drive up with its new boss. I expect her to say, "Why, Blacky, I can't live in that thing." But instead Glory takes a look at it, then grabs me and kisses me. "It's the cutest little thing I ever saw," she says—which proves that the Silver Beach realtors didn't show her around much. We go inside, and even that doesn't interfere with her enthusiasm. The bungalow even starts looking like something to me as I listen to her rave.

"Do we own it?" she asks.

"Yes," says I. "It's ours."

So she kisses me again. She takes off her hat and sits down to admire her new home. I go out to see what mail has gathered in my absence. There's nothing there except a postal card from a guy in Canada and a letter from my old lady in answer to one I wrote what seems years ago. She tells me a lot about my brother's family and her neuralgia and the old man's boss. Then I come to a part of the letter in which she says:

"Yes, I remember the Franklyns very well. I was surprised to hear that you had run across them and that they were not uppish. That kind of person is nearly always unbearable when they get money. As I often say

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page sixty-three

to your father, ‘Give me an ignorant poor person any day in preference to an ignorant rich one.’ I don’t wonder that the Franklyn girl is pretty. Edna Franklyn was quite handsome as I remember her, and the father wasn’t bad except that he was so untidy. But I guess, sonny, that when pretty girls are being discussed you need never feel that Marjory is the least of them. She is very pretty and very fine also, which is more important. I hope you and she get a chance to drive up soon again, as I am anxious to see you.”

I tore the old lady’s letter up and tossed it to the breezes. If Glory was to see the letter it would prejudice her right away, of course, against the old lady, and the first thing you know there’d be one of those crazy things spring up where the mother-in-law can’t stand the daughter-in-law, and vichy vichy. I figure I’ll write to the old lady right away and tell her what a great girl Glory is and that things are best as is. She probably won’t understand, but I’ll try anyhow.

I go back to the house and find Glory introducing the gold dresser set to the bedroom. She’s bustling around like a little old lady on wash day, and I get an awful kick out of watching her. She runs around opening bureau drawers and closets and saying “Tut-tut” every so often and looking serious about everything she sees.

“Blacky,” she says, “this house has been terribly neglected. Believe me, that woman who cleans isn’t going to get off so easy now that I’m here. She’s going to scrub and wash like nobody’s business.”

She’s so damn’ cute and earnest-looking when she says that, I nearly die laughing. She looks just like a little girl playing house and pretending that she’s dreadfully busy.

“When is the cleaning woman due again?” she asks me.

“I don’t know, kid. She only gets around when she’s sober and she don’t do much then. She’s no good. I figure we’ll get a regular girl now to come in every morning and do everything, including the cooking.”

“Blacky, I want to do the cooking. Please let me. Besides, a regular girl is going to cost a lot more and I don’t want to be an expense.”

“Can you cook?”

“I can follow instructions in the cookbook if I’m not a complete imbecile. I want to cook, but I’m not going to have that drunken cleaning woman, anyhow. What do you pay her?”

“Oh, she runs about six bucks a week at fifty cents an hour.”

“A REGULAR maid would be about twenty a week, Blacky.”

“That’s all right. I can afford it, Glory. I just never got one on account of not needing one.”

“Am I boss of how the house is run now?”

“You sure are, kid.”

“Well, hold on, then, because there’s going to be a lot of changes.”

The first thing that happened in the way of changes was the arrival of the Franklyn station wagon with four trunks.

“Oh, mama has sent my clothes over,” Glory said. “What will I do with them, Blacky?”

“Search me.”

In the end we put the trunks in the living room and threw the furniture out on the porch. Glory said, “We can find closet space later. After all, they’re only summer things. They won’t take up much room.”

“What are you going to do with your winter things?” I ask her.

“Maybe we can build a closet off the kitchen,” she said. “Oh, Blacky, I’ve got so many fur coats it scares me to think of them!”

It scared me, too, but I figured that if the worst came to worse we could build a big house on the front part of the lot and use the bungalow for a closet. Glory was all for cooking dinner that night, but I wasn’t for it. All my arguments were of no use at all, and the only thing that made her decide to eat out was that after searching the kitchen thoroughly she found out we didn’t have any poultry shears.

So we drive up to Willow Park and have a swell feed in the Carmody-Plaza Hotel.

We flit the bodies back to Silver Beach then, as we’re expecting the doctor and Madame Franklyn. But first we drop in at my place of business to see what’s doing. Business is good, the help tells me.

“So we’re busy, eh? That’s fine,” I says.

“*I’m* busy,” he answers back. “How about a little relief, boss?”

“When you took this job you agreed, didn’t you, to work every night till one o’clock?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Well, it’s only eight now. You got five more hours to go.”

He says, “All right. But look here, boss—you’re going to open up at seven in the morning, aren’t you?”

“Sure. When you knock off at one you’re through till six o’clock tomorrow night. And what’s more, I’m going to pay you for overtime. That’s white of me, isn’t it?”

GLORY and I go back to the house and find our guests waiting for us. They’re sitting in the Franklyn car looking holes in the bungalow.

Glory says, “We’re sorry we’re late, but Blacky had some business to attend to down at the place. Won’t you come in?”

I’ll bet that burned them up, to see her acknowledging that she’s related to the bungalow. They come in anyhow, fighting their way between trunks and anchoring finally in the dining room. I have a lousy suspicion that old lady Franklyn sent the trunks anyhow just to show Glory how small the bungalow is.

The old lady isn’t crying tonight. The doctor has straightened her out swell, and he seems all right too, except that he’s too nice to be on the level. They look around the bungalow as though it’s an igloo or a wigwam or something odd and interesting like that.

Mrs. Franklyn points to the bedroom door and asks, “What’s in there?”

“The bedroom, mama.”

“Oh. Where’s the bath?”

“Directly off it.”

“Really? That’s nice. And how do you get hot water?”

“There’s an attachment in the kitchen.”

“Well, that’s not bad. I see you have electricity. Do you have an electric ice box?”

“No, mama.”

“I suppose there’s a reliable ice delivery, however. Is there, Blacky?”

“No, ma’am. It’s as unreliable as hell. Especially on hot days.”

“You’ll have to have a talk with the fellow, Blacky,” Mrs. Franklyn says, “and see that he’s more conscientious. We can’t have Glory eating rancid butter or drinking sour milk.”

Glory says, “Mama, you act as though you were picking out a boarding house or something for me.”

Mrs. Franklyn keeps quiet, and the doctor says, “Don’t mind her, Glory. When Pete sailed, your mother told the ship’s captain that Pete wasn’t to have too much meat.”

“I did not.”

The doctor just laughs, but I notice that Glory’s mother lets up on her bossy attitude.

We sit around talking about one thing and another for quite a while. I mix some applejack with some ginger ale, and the doctor says he likes it very much. The missus and her mother have plain ginger ale. And after a while our company takes off. Glory and I wave good night to them from the porch, and it makes a pretty domestic scene, especially with the four trunks in the background. When we get indoors again Glory says, "There's something funny about mama and Clinton being so sweet and reasonable."

"No, there's not. What can they do? You're my wife and neither she nor Larrick can interfere."

"But don't you see, Blacky, it's funny that they don't cut you and try to win me away from you!"

"Well, they see it's no use."

"But they could try."

"Are you sore that they didn't?"

"No, I'm not sore. It's just that I've always been such putty in their hands that I can't understand why they don't try to get me to leave you."

"But it's too late. We're married."

"Oh, Blacky!" She looked at me and laughed. "Since when does marriage make it too late for anything?"

"It's too late because we love each other," I said.

"Now you're talking." She came over and looked up into my face. "Blacky, you're the sweetest, handsomest thing alive and I love you."

And that was all right with me.

But the next day, over at the station, I got thinking over all the things she's said about Madame Franklyn and the doctor. In my slow way I get to thinking that maybe she's right. There is something fluky about the doctor's big-brother attitude and the old lady's dry handkerchiefs. Maybe there's some wicked idea floating in the air that Glory and I are too simple to see at a glance.

Around ten thirty my wife comes around and asks if she can use the car, and I get my first chance at being a husband.

"Where do you want to go?" I ask her.

WELL, it seems that she wants to go to Willow Park to buy some things for the house and get a sober girl to replace the old cleaning woman and a couple of things like that. But I say no. She's not going to do any more driving until she's had a few lessons from me.

"You can go over in the bus, can't you, kid?"

"Sure I can, if you're sure that it's me you're worried about. It's not just that you don't want your precious car cracked up, is it, Blacky?"

I give her a dirty look and she takes the bus line over to Willow Park. I get heart failure for a minute after she's gone, thinking that the French car is in a garage over there and she might drive it back. But then I remember that Mrs. Franklyn asked Glory for the check last night and she's probably sent over for the car already. So that's all right.

Around noontime Marjory turns up at the station just like old times. "I was over to your house," she says, "but the little woman's out. I wanted to go swimming with her."

"She's over in Willow Park buying things for the bungalow. You know, pots and pans and things. She's going to get a gal to replace Annie, too."

"That's good," Marje says. "Annie's needed replacing for a long time."

"Say, Marje, there's a couple of things I want to ask you what you think about them."

"Your phrasing is technical, Blacky; but proceed."

I tell her about the Franklyn-Larrick faction and how their sweetness seems a little poisonous. "The doctor did everything but offer to run the station for a day or two for me."

MARJE looks thoughtful. "Ain't that *quelque chose*," she says.

"And Glory and I think there's something lousy about the whole thing."

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear boy. Well, I'll retire to my apartment and see if I can figure what it all means. While I'm gone let no one touch the body. If Mrs. Gorman returns please see that I'm informed. There will be interesting fingerprints on the muffin pans."

"No kidding, Marje, do you think Larrick has something up his sleeve?"

"Sure he has, Blacky. Even in Vienna they can't teach you to be crazy about the guy your sweetheart married."

Marje goes away soon after that. I would have liked her to stay and talk a while; but though neither of us said anything about it, we both knew that it wouldn't look so hot for her to be lingering around the station any more. I didn't see her again that day except late in the afternoon, when she flew by riding a chunk of ice on the bumper of her car. The Harrises have an electric ice box, but it's like Marje to be doing favors for all and sundry. As a matter of fact, I found out later that the ice was for the bungalow. Marje had gotten it for Glory, who had missed the iceman on account of going to Willow Park.

I didn't get home till six thirty that night, because my help was kind of laying down on the job and didn't get in till six twenty-five. The furniture is back in the living room and the trunks are gone.

I damn' near get heart failure. Had the missus gone too? "I yelled, "Glory, Glory!"

Has Glory got tired of her new life and left Blacky? Next week's installment will answer this question.

Solution of Detectogram on page 47

There was only one man trailing Jim Wilson at a time. His brother Bill merely hid near the hotel until he saw Jim leave, with the detective following, and then walked in. When he wanted to leave, his brother Jim would take a walk, the detective following, and Bill would return to his own hide-out.

Another Detectogram will appear next week.

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To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 25 seconds.)

I HAVE just had the privilege of sitting in a wonderful chair and looking at a wonderful book. Both are souvenirs of the greatest world drama our age has undergone. Both belong to Colonel Edward M. House, wartime "man of mystery," Woodrow Wilson's famous "minister without portfolio."

I talked with Colonel House the other day at his New York apartment. He told me that although he comes originally from Texas, the rush and racket of New York do not disturb him. Then he showed me the book, explained the chair—and I knew why.

Colonel E. M. House

Bound in blue leather, the book contains the day-by-day list of persons with whom Colonel House talked privately during the Paris Peace Conference. When he put this volume into my hands I realized that mere city turmoil must seem quiet enough compared to the deluge of politics he went through at the wind-up of the war. I turned the pages with awe. They record from sixty to eighty important interviews every day. Page after page of all-powerful names—Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Lord Reading, Orlando, Pershing—names of newspaper writers, financial giants, clamorous pacifists and radicals—names of statesmen seeking to recreate countries and nations from the ashes of war-burned Europe.

The appointments crowded every minute of the day—10:30 to 10:33, 10:33 to 10:40, 10:40 to 10:45—on and on, day and night, with each brief interview demanding every last power of concentration, of supreme clear-mindedness.

I asked Colonel House what quality makes most for greatness in leadership.

"Character," he replied. "Character counts more than any other quality in a statesman. More than talent, more than training."

Then he showed me the armchair in which all his Paris visitors had sat during their talks with him. It is quite an ordinary-looking chair, made of light-colored wood upholstered in gray.

I wondered how many of those who sat in it revealed more than they intended when they faced the wise blue eyes of Colonel House!

"**HANDKERCHIEF used by Mr. B. when a babe.**" Old-fashioned curlicues ornamented the writing. The paper was brown with age. The handkerchief to which it was pinned was made of finest lawn edged with lovely old lace. I found this in a junk shop the other day, stuffed into a box of odds and ends. It was a man-size handkerchief—extra large, in fact—and the quaint note pinned to it set my curiosity astir.

Who was Mr. B.? Why, as a babe, was he addicted to the use of such a huge and elegant handkerchief?

Life is full of mysteries for junk-shop prowlers.

SEEN in a shop window, a dainty set of garden tools awoke my annual urge to grow things. I am a city dweller, so window-box gardening is my limit; but this year I sought expert advice for my botanical spree.

I asked Max Schling what to grow in my window boxes. Sometime I'd like to tell you all about this New York horticulturist who used to fix up corsages for the Empress of Austria, but for the present I will just pass on his window-box tips to you.

Said Mr. Schling:

"Don't try to grow too many different kinds of flowers in your window boxes. The boxes should be about ten inches deep. Have the soil in them not more than seven inches deep. The three-inch 'fence' around the top provides a shelter for the baby plants when they first come up. In cold weather lay a pane of glass across the top to keep the young plants warm. Do your planting sometime in April or early in May."

Beans grown in a window box will blossom all summer, said Mr. Schling. Strings should be run from the corners of the box to the window frame for the beans to climb upon.

Nasturtiums planted along the outside edge will hang over the box and be admired by the neighbors. Petunias will do well. So will Chinese pinks, sweet alyssum, phlox, California poppies, verbena, African daisies, calendulas, and bachelor buttons. These are all safe bets. Put your seeds in sparingly.

After that you can do what every gardener does—start worrying about the weather.

MEXICAN pancakes were the novel supper dish served by an artist friend of mine at an informal party.

Here is her recipe:

Make the pancakes very thin. Fry them in a very hot pan. For the batter use 1 cup sifted flour, 1 egg, a scant 1½ cups milk. Fold over when ready, after putting upon each pancake 1 tablespoon of sauce made as follows:

To 1 medium-size can tomatoes add 4 chopped green or sweet peppers, 1 sliced onion, 1 drop chili sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper, and (if you like) a small piece of garlic. Simmer until smooth and thick, then stir in 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dozen chopped olives, ½ cup scalded raisins.

What you can expect!

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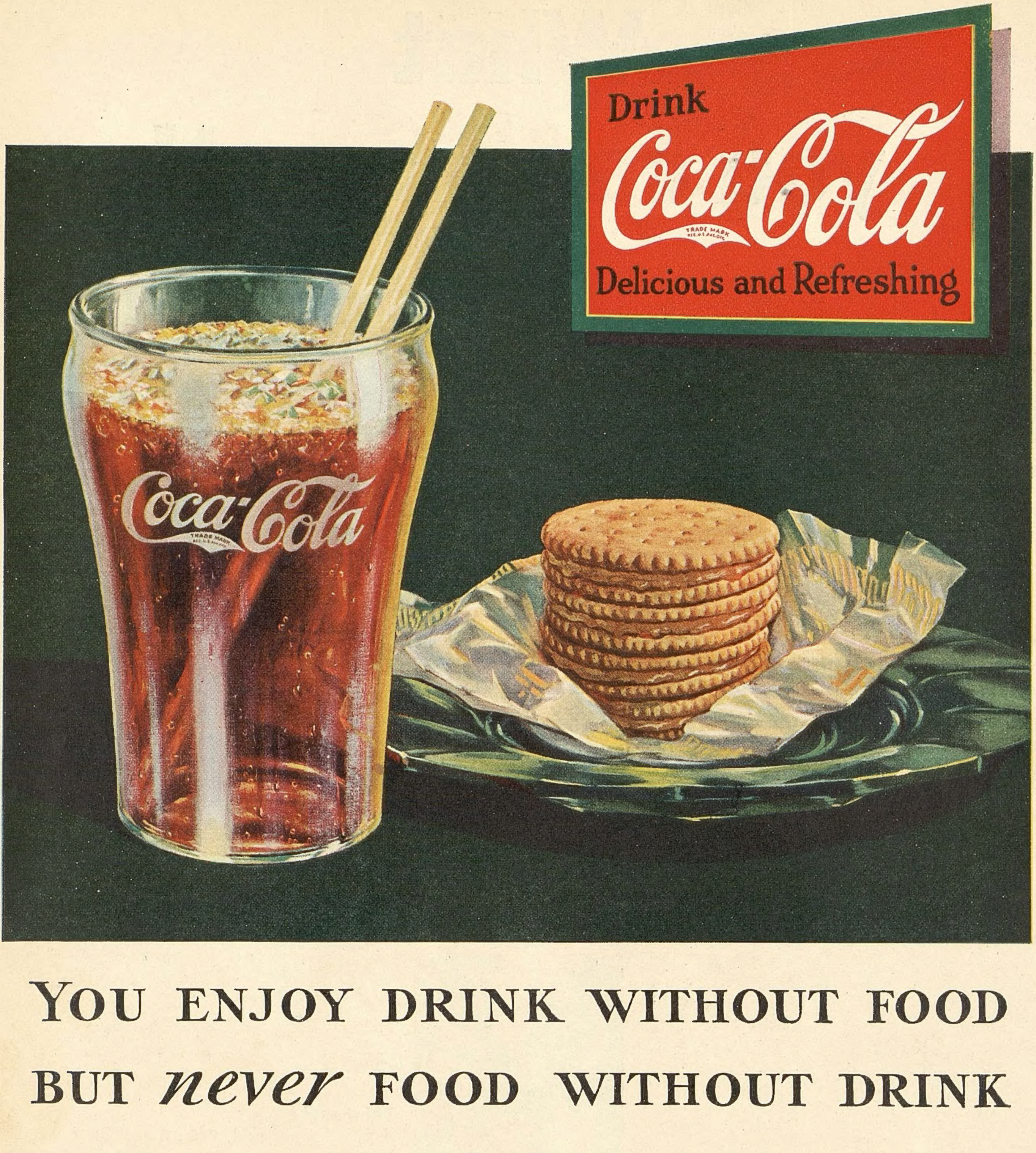

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